

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

FEBRUARY 1, 1812.

THE HOLIDAY BIRCH.

Age, libertate Decembri

(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere.

It formed no small portion of the revelry with which our great grand-fathers, in their boy-hood, greeted the return of Christmas, to burn that tremendous instrument of education denominated the *Birch*. Thanks to the wonderful improvements in our modern systems of instruction, that ceremony is now become obsolete, and a schoolmaster who should venture to borrow a single twig from the besom in support of discipline, or in the subjugation of indolence, would be declared a downright monster by all the tender mammas and maiden aunts in the metropolis. It is not my intention, *Mr. Satirist*, to expatiate at present upon the excellent consequences of this new mode of tuition; they are sufficiently manifested in the manners of this amiable generation: that delightful freedom and inat-

tention, which is now the boast of every class of society, would have been destroyed by the severity of our forefathers, and we should have seen young men who pass their days so agreeably without the trouble of thinking, endeavouring to comprehend the interests of their country and actually sinking into useful members of society. But of that hereafter:—at this season I think something in reference to the ancient custom might, *for fun's sake* at least, be resorted to by the dashing youngsters of our numerous academies; and although no master, who has any regard for his interest, will venture to flog one of his pupils, yet few of the pupils of the schools within twenty miles of this great city, would, or (when matters are properly considered) ought, to have any reluctance to flogging *their masters*. Fortunately I have found a few forgotten twigs which were tied together some years ago by a worthy man, as by chance he happened to be struck with some passages in his neglected *Quintilian*. The arrival of Mrs. *** who had three promising youths under his care, of different surnames, and all the offspring of a state of freedom, totally discomposed both his labour and his meditations;—he replaced the volume of the illustrious Roman pedagogue again upon his bookshelf, and concealed the forbidding aspect of the terrific boughs behind the set, while with a smiling countenance he paid his devoirs to the awful *triplicem matrem* who was ushered into his study. Poor man! he would have followed a long exploded system of tuition had he dared to have done so: he would have been faithful to the cause of industry, probity, science and religion, but experience had before taught him that industry, probity, science and religion kept a very empty school, and afforded only a very contracted establishment. His wife also had connections in high life—there was not a breeding lady in

great keeping, whom she had not the honour of visiting and whom she did not condescend to visit. All the little blustering offspring of such noble parentage were the darling objects of her tenderness, and the doctor, who had hoped better things and intended better things, even when he unwillingly consented, soon after he had taken orders, to attend to the education of his noble patron's private progeny, saw himself condemned for life to labour under the controul of a certain circle above which he could never rise:—As for his rod, he knew very well that he merited the utmost severity of its smart:—but he had thrust it behind *Quintilian*;—Mrs. *** with a fascinating hint of a living in the gift of Sir J— spoke of indulgent kindness to her dear boys, and the Doctor forgot his bundle of birch ever after.—It is now, however, in *my* hands—and, would to heaven, it had been made by the satiric Jaques from the birch of the forest of Amiens, that the cuts I intend to give with it might smart to the quick.

Horse me that round headed little *Scotchman*, who rolls through cases, declensions, and conjugations and thus trifles with the head while he neglects the heart. See the idle, busy, medler; now dabbling in grammar, now dabbling in democracy. One hour he is burning his fingers in chemistry,—the next displaying the adroitness of his recollections through Lily's '*As in præsentî*';—then writing half a letter for Cobbett's Register, the embryo sentences of which are left to perish, while, billiards, gardening, presbyterianism, whist, or a new pamphlet, contend for the honour of his attention.—And does this trifling animal keep a school?—Yes, and a large one. Dr. *** astonishes every mamma by the versality of his talents,—for he has got a sweet little family of his own; and the simpering Mrs. *** declares that she wonders

how, amid the multiplicity of employments he can find time for any thing. In fact it is probable that the Doctor would not find time for any thing if he had not the assistance of his notable little wife. She, the bustling, sharp-eyed, daughter of a German hair-dresser, has contrived to rattle the Doctor into consequence and connections. She made the Doctor publish,—and it is said she has, in more cases than one, effected the wonderful task, of *fixing his attention*, and of thus allaying the volatility of his vanity. It has even been said by those who are most intimate with him, that his mind has actually shown some signs of a settled direction, and that he is sometimes entirely devoted to Cobbett and Mrs. ***, that there are great hopes he will stock the next generation with a swarm of democrats, not only of his own instructing but of his own begetting.

The next that deserves my birch, is yonder tall and facetious gentleman. This gentleman is not a clergyman but he pretends to much literature, and has the reputation of not only being well read in the classics, but of having distinguished himself as the author of poems of considerable merit. He undertakes the education of a few youths of family, and those have been known to be more attached to his roof than to that of their parents. They are chiefly lads from fifteen to twenty, and he entertains, as upper servants, two of the loveliest girls in christendom.—Every morning he is very attentive to what he calls the education of the youths who are said to be under his care:—the translation of Virgil, Horace, Xenophon, or Anacreon, occupies a few hours of the forenoon, and occasionally he listens to three or four propositions from Euclid, of which the demonstrations are run over partly by rote and partly by dictation from the copy of Simpson, which he holds in his hand. Per-

haps he finds time to look at a theme or two in Latin or English before the expected hour of three;—when, farewell education,—Mr. *** rings his bell, sits down under the hands of his valet, mounts his one-horse-chair, and arrives at Mary-le-bone, at the delicious hour of five, when luxury arranged by the hand of beauty awaits his pleasure. What, if he is sometimes obliged to give place to the more *consequential* desires of Lord ***,—he knows the reward of his obsequiousness,—and finds that the gold and the interest of Lady *** may preserve him from the exclamation of Trajan, “*Perdidi diem*,” although he may have sacrificed his expected pleasures to his interest.—In the mean time his young pupils at his deserted academy lose none of the gratifications left within their reach. They perhaps believe they deceive both him and the drunken old usher who is nominally left in charge of them; and, though the seniors arrogate to themselves the use of the *Garden-Parlour*, and its appendages, yet the very youngest are not without the opportunities and the objects of juvenile dissipation.

A very different being presents himself as the next subject of flagellation: yonder rude and unseemly mass of flesh and ignorance! What, among all the various acquirements which in this wonderful age are classed under the denomination of education, does this emblem of sensuality and stupidity pretend to impart?—None,—truly none!—yet is he the head of an establishment in which it is presumed that every thing is to be learned that has any claims to the honorable names of science or accomplishment. The father of Mr. ***, who, after he had taken the degree of *French-Usher* in various academies, contrived to gain the favour of the full-grown daughter and house-keeper of a veteran pedagogue, then in his seventieth year. This damsel was somewhat under forty, lean,

large-boned, and vulgar, but servile insinuating and hypocritical. The cunning, experience, and effrontery of her *Norman Lord* soon put her natural talents into their proper direction. The connexions of this couple were low, but they increased in number and now and then, in respectability: the sons of publicans and butchers, and sometimes the dingy heir of a West-Indian slave-driver, learned, with the four first rules of arithmetic and a little broken French, the perfection of swearing and the rudiments of dissipation. In the meridian of their prosperity they died, and their wholesale trade in human intellect devolved upon their only son. This unpromising youth had shared the instruction of his father and of his father's assistants in common with the pupils of the establishment—but he had profitted the least of all in that which was very little profitable to any.—The indulgence of his tender mamma prevented his natural propensities from being hurt by any thing in the likeness of knowledge. The money with which she constantly supplied him afforded him the means of drunkenness and gluttony, and under the easy dullness of those depressing vices, served to conceal the low, malicious duplicity of his real disposition: he was thought to be at least a quiet, good-natured man, and many parents continue even now to confide their children to his care.

The delicate, polite, insinuating Rev. ***, the flying schoolmaster, who carries his school about with him from Bath to Brighton, from Hammersmith to Blackheath, from Blackheath to South Wales, and from South Wales to Norfolk, deserves a few of the severest cuts of my birch, were it not that one cut alone might deprive the restless insect of an existence which is entirely dependent on its incessant mobility. Ignorant, insipid and presuming, he crouches with abject docility to his patron, a wealthy and

whimsical merchant with a large family, who some time since returned from India with notions of education borrowed from Brahma, Confucius, or the Grand Lama. Still this gentleman's opinions seem to be almost as unsettled upon the subject as is the being whom he has chosen to carry his ideas into execution. One day he hears of the excellence of mathematical learning, then Euclid is the only volume of wisdom—the next day he is told of the Jewish Talmud and straightway dispatches Hebrew Grammars to the Rev. *** for each of his sons. Alas poor *** knows as much of Euclid or the Hebrew Grammar as he does of the language of Thibet, which his patron has more than once insisted upon his studying. Nor are the erratic motions of this Reverend tutor's academic orbit entirely independent of the eccentricities of his patron's intentions, who sometimes determines that his children shall imbibe the romantic ideas of mountainous scenery, and at other times requires their instructor to live in the midst of fashionable manners: this month the ocean must never be out of their sight, and the next the labours of agriculture must be their only objects of contemplation. But Mrs. *** has also an erratic principle in her composition which will never permit her husband to be stationary whether he is in *Apogee* or in *Perhelion* with respect to his patron.

For the present, Mr. Satirist, I will lay down the birch, but at another opportunity I shall exhibit a few more examples of schoolmasters who merit a chastisement far more severe than the flagellation of such Satire.

PHILO BIRCH.

BECK of BLACKHEATH, or the FATAL VALENTINE.

A TALE.

Beck of Blackheath beside her bed,
First heav'd a sigh then softly said
Alack-a-daisy me!

This is the eve of Valentine :
O that the man that shall be mine,
I in a dream might see!

With that, her petticoat she rais'd,
And had a saint been there and gaz'd,
He'd heaven itself forgot ;
She rais'd her petticoat around.
Her garter's from her knees unbound,
And tied them in a knot.

Them in an endless knot she tied.—
“ Such be the knot when I'm a bride,
So endless be his love !
The first whom in the morn I view,
O may he be that spouse as true
And constant as a dove !”

This as she said, the trembling maid
The charm beneath the pillow laid,
And then, beneath the quilt
She laid her far more potent charms,
A breast that throbb'd with soft alarms,
And—guess what else thou wilt.

And as she lay between the sheets,
"So quick" cried she "this bosom beats
"That, if I guess aright,
"Were he of whom I long to dream,
"Here, full of ardour and esteem,
"I should not dream to-night."

Oft-times she closed her anxious eyes
To try what visions would arise,—
But sleep itself seem'd lost;
On this and then on t'other side,
And, restless, every way she tried,
But restless still she toss'd.

At length the lingering morn arose,
By morn e'en guilt itself may dose,
Then sure a maiden may;
And, tho' within a rumpled cap,
A maiden's thoughts may get a nap,
At least by break of day:

The maiden slept,—but ah, in sleep,
She could not catch one happy peep
At her fond future love;—
But noises dread—and voices dire,—
And blazes like her kitchen fire,
Her slumbering fancy move.

Horses she heard or seem'd to hear,
Unseen, altho' so fearful near,
Their hoofs beat quick beside:
Her bosom heaved,—her members shook,—
But still, in sleep, she strove to look
Who might those horses ride.

She looked,—but still she looked in vain;—
No knight she saw—no squire—no swain,—
 Tho' some one seem'd close by;
And horses still were trampling round,—
Close in her ears shrill voices sound,
 With many a sharp-ton'd cry.

When suddenly a dreadful scream
Broke thro' the echoes of her dream,
A scream that murder'd sleep :
Upright she started in her bed,
And clapped her hands each side her head :
The voice again scream'd "*Sweep!*"

Confus'd—unconscious what she heard—
As rapid as a startled bird,
 She to the window flew :
But—Gracious heav'ns! Oh what a sight!
Her knees shook tottering with affright:
 She sickened at the view.

For lo, a black and long-tail'd nag,
Bore on his sides a swarthy bag,
Two demons on his back :
Black were their visages and hair,
Black were the robes they seem'd to wear,
Their dreadful arms were black.

Behind, the lesser demon scowl'd,
And beat a bristly shield and howl'd,
Twisting his dingey face;
While streaming fearful in the wind,
Their nag's broad tail stream'd full behind,
Marking his hell-taught pace.

“ O Lard !” the shuddering maiden cried—
“ Shall I, a chimney-sweeper’s bride,
“ In soot and ashes pine?—
“ Oh, faithless garters, fraught with harm,
“ Curst be your endless knotted charm,
“ For such a Valentine!

With that, and with a piteous look,
The charming garters up she took,
And tied them round her neck :
And, “ rather than so black a fate”
Cried she “ a chimney-sweeper’s mate,
“ Be this the end of Beck.”

And here had closed my tragic song
Had she now tied the knot as strong,
As it was tied before :
But as she leapt, with desperate swing,
Down dropt she from the faithless swing
All-sprawling on the floor.

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*A full true and particular Account of the Death of Mister*  
**WILLIAM GOBBETT.**

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William G—tt having been found guilty of attempting the diabolical crime of paracide by lifting his hand against the existence of a most tender and indulgent parent, who kindly forgave and received him after his having committed so many horrible crimes that he was driven from

every country in which he attempted to set his foot—yet insensible to the affection and kindness of so good a mother, who, when he returned from America like a vagabond in rags—not only cloathed him and put money into his pocket but fed him on dainties, so that he grew sleek and fat. Notwithstanding all this, the ungrateful miscreant attempted to stab her with a poisoned dagger.—For this he was brought to trial, and by the verdict of an upright and honest jury, who appeared struck with horror at the enormity of his crime, he was found guilty—and sentenced to stand in and upon the pillory at Charing cross for the space of two hours.—About 12 o'clock on Monday last he was conveyed from Newgate in a tumbril to undergo his disgraceful punishment in being held up to the world as a monster—for, as it was only an *attempt*, the law passed its mildest sentence on him—but it seemed fated that he should reap the full reward of his atrocious offence—a strong guard attended on the occasion as he was known to be a great favorite with Bill Soames and his gang, and it was supposed that a rescue would be attempted,—he was soon set in his wooden frame, and no one that ever grinned thro' a horse collar exhibited a more horrid countenance,—many supposed that even his callous heart was affected; for drops were seen to distill from his eyes—the Culprit had been exhibited only a few minutes when the execrations of a loyal people were poured on him from all quarters, in something more forcible than words—rotten eggs, garbage, and filth of all kinds were bestowed on him most liberally.—Matters had proceeded thus with great regularity for some time when a shout, or rather yell, was heard amongst the mob, and a way was opened for the approach of some person, whom we soon recognised to be the renowned Katterfelto, trailing along in the kennel, by the tail, a

huge black cat which it is supposed he picked up out of Tower ditch when he fled from that prison—and after subliming it in the *Stercorium* of his friend the Rev. John H—T—, at Wimbledon, for a month, he now drew it to the scene of action at Charing-cross.—When he came near the stage he threw his eyes about rather widely; so that many thought it was a patient escaped from St. Luke's; however, he at length fixed his eye sternly on Lord G—— who happened to be among the spectators; on which he swung the defunct Grimalkin three-times round his head taking a direct aim at his Lordship, but, dreadful to relate, the tail breaking short in his hand, the putrid carcase flew with great violence into the face of the wretched G——tt, who appeared much distressed by the unsavoury application—he was seen immediately to kick off his shoes.—This did not escape the observation of his friends who well knew that it was a symptom of Death in a patriot.—The miserable Culprit's legs sinking under him, he was now suspended by the neck—Jack Ketch, who attended *ex-officio*—knowing the effect of a pressure on the jugular vein, and fearing to lose a *future job*, caught him up in his arms and immediately relieved the *œsophagus* and the *thyreo-hyoidens* muscle from the constriction of the wooden cravat, but as this did not revive him—it was proposed by Mr. P——to burn the *Morning Chronicle* under his nose, but the smell of the filthy materials of which it was compounded produced no effect—the *Alfred* and *Statesman* were then tried with no better success—some one, more knowing than the rest, now observed, that those things being *sui generis* could not possibly produce the desired effect;—A page of the *Satirist* was now applied and the pungency of the vapour produced immediate sternutation, and he even spoke some words, but again relapsed into in-



sensibility—from which he never recovered. As to his last words Mr. P. declares, they were those of *Cæsar*, "*Et tu Brute*," addressed to Katterfelto, whose hit he supposed intentional—but Jack Ketch says it was plain downright English—and was neither more nor less than, "D—n you! you Brute"—and we are for two reasons inclined to believe Jack—in the first place because he is a more credible witness than Mr. P. and in the next, that G——tt might as well be expected to speak the language of Otaheite as Latin.—Some supernatural appearances are said to have been observed at the moment of his exit, but, as we own we did not see them, we will not vouch for the fact.—It is, however, very confidently reported that two little sweeps, who were mounted behind King Charles to see the exhibition, observed that the Monarch nodded his head three times while his horse reared and had nearly thrown off the *young black Princes*—they also declare that at the moment he expired they saw a huge black cat, without a tail, fly thro' the air with a black rat in its claws—this circumstance is generally believed, and was doubtless the *Apotheosis* of the Patriot.

G——tt had scarcely left this world, for a worse, before his friends made a charge for his rescue—I call it a charge because it was made by cavalry, if I may be allowed the expression in speaking of a corps of Donkeys, on which all the troops were mounted, except the first and second in command. Col.—on his boney white charger, and Major C——t on a broken winded coach horse.—Caleb Baldwin acted as cornet and carried for a standard a damaged India shawl the gift of Citizen Wa——n to the corps. They came through the Strand, *six abreast*, the horses at a full trot, the donkeys on the gallop—when they came opposite Northumberland house, the people not having expended all their ammunition—a rotten egg—a random shot—hit

the gallant Colonel between the eyes—when he fell from his horse in a swoon—the valiant Major supposing him dead and being himself not versed in miliatry evolutions, ordered an immediate retreat to the Crown and Anchor, where the body was opened by a medical gentleman.—

On dissection, for we must still use the expression without meaning to offend the patriots, it afforded a high treat to the learned in comparative anatomy; for within he exhibited very little of the human form, and seemed compounded of various animals both of the winged and quadruped races—nay, it is whispered, that on stripping, the body exhibited some very uncommon appearances, but these the patriots wished to conceal, and they would have remained a secret but for honest Jack Ketch who attended the process as a humble assistant; Jack declares that he had a tail of some feet in length, with a huge dart at the end of it, and that his feet were cloven, but as honest Jack was not on oath we will not vouch for his veracity.— Instead of a stomach of the usual form, this non descript animal was furnished with a huge gizzard, very like that of an Ostridge or Vulture, adhering to the coats of which were found several pages of a book written by him some years since against the doctrine of Reform—this it seems the powers of his powerful gizzard were unequal to the digestion of, notwithstanding the solvent property of the gastric juice which was found to be even more corrosive than his tears. This circumstance, in the opinion of Mr. Jones, would have occasioned his death in a very short time if it had not been previously effected by the *more natural means of strangulation*—the heart was small and very much resembled the Tyger's in form, but what was more extraordinary was the strong impression on it of Katterfelto and his cursed black cat, from whence many of the spectators conceived that the supposed unkindness

of his friend was the immediate cause of his death—but Jack, who understands those matters better, declares it was strangulation, for he says your patriots cannot bear the least stricture on the neck, and that he has known many of them nearly suffocated only at the sight of a running noose. Be that as it may, whatever the cause, there could be no doubt but that the arch trumpeter of sedition was defunct and some proposed to bury him and to have a grand procession. But this met with opposition from many of the patriots who declared they were sick at the thoughts of a procession, and it was agreed that the body should be preserved and hung in the Pandemonium at the Crown and Anchor, and that the Bard, Owen ap Hoel, should be directed to compose a funeral elegy on the occasion: this was agreed upon, and Katterfelto having learned the art of the late celebrated doctor Van Butchell, undertook to prepare the mummy: This he accordingly performed, and, as the process is rather new and curious we shall mention it for the benefit of such future patriots as may wish to be handed down, in a respectable light, to posterity.—The body was for nine days macerated in a strong solution of Lapis infernalis, to get rid of the fat of which there was an immoderate quantity, the subject having long pampered on *base Lucre*—after having lain the appointed time it was taken out and carefully rubbed, in order to restore the natural carnation, with the blood of a Tyger, being a sick one, purchased for that purpose of Mr. Polito—it was suffered to lie for three days to drain off the moisture, when the veins and arteries were injected with melted brimstone, which, when cold, became perfectly hard and exhibited the countenance to the life. At the next grand meeting of the infernal committee it will be deposited in its niche, under which will be written the following inscription:



T. E. I.  
Here hang  
The mortal remains  
of  
CITIZEN G—TT  
Trumpetor  
to  
FRANCIS THE FIRST  
of  
SEDITIONOUS MEMORY,  
his  
Immortal part  
Is translated to that place  
where only  
He can meet his equals.

READER  
Labour like him in the vineyard  
and  
Thou shalt attain to  
the  
like Honors.

~~~~~  
The Index-Maker, alias, the Foot-Boy of Sir Richard.

—
MR. SATIRIST,

The other day, at the little ale-house round the corner,
while Sall Slap prepared for herself and me two slices of
toasted cheese, and the landlady drew for each of us a
pot of beer, I took up from the corner of the bench next

the fire, the remains of a printed sheet, which proved to be from a late number of the *Satirist*; and O! Sir, fortunate it was that before the intire consumption of the paper, (for Sall and I might have lit our pipes with it,) I espied the *scene from the Beggar's Opera, as performed at the Crown and Anchor Theatre.*

My old neighbour, the Reverend Paul Prig, was, it seems, one of the chief performers; and, as he has thus appeared, it is necessary, Mr. *Satirist*, to give you some particular cautions respecting this great man. You have noticed, Sir, the orations, the songs, the hiccuppings, the staggerings, the tumblings, and other things necessarily connected with the noble theme of *half a dozen bottles per head.* All this is well: *wine*, Sir, *wine* is the *exalting* liquor; and no doubt the narrator himself must have had in view his Reverence's high reputation. *Wine*, Sir, *wine* distinguishes the gentleman from the beggar, the man of letters from the drudge; and though the invitation "*Come drink with me a bottle of wine,*" may perhaps be somewhat unsuitable to the *pocket*, yet such, it seems, is the manner of *great men* in their exalted moments. See, Sir, how erect his Reverence, on the present occasion! He "*defies*" his enemies! He stands unhurt! but, as no man is invulnerable, it must, of course, be admitted that the great Prig himself is not without his feelings:—these, Sir, on certain occasions, are very acute, and, as before intimated, I think it necessary to give you here some particular cautions.

Never, Sir, do you let it appear that the eloquence, the harmony and the finery displayed by the Reverend Paul Prig, raises within you the mortifying idea that in this his fullest equipment, he resembles more the Owl than the Nightingale.

Never, Sir, do you remind the Reverend Paul Prig that even such of the public papers as profess the very principles which he himself holds, (if to hold principles be not too degrading to a gentleman patriot) do most plainly say, respecting the performance at the Crown and Anchor theatre, that it was — a *low and disgraceful* one.

But there are other points which, it seems, call still more earnestly for your silence. Never, never, Sir, do you repeat, even in a whisper, that the Reverend Paul Prig had lately for his closet neighbour—not the man of wine, nor the man of letters, nor the man of index, but — the vile musician, or the man of bells; a public character indeed, but seated on the lowest stool, where, piercing the proud soul of Parson Prig, he nodded, elbowed, and kicked-out his tunes.

Oh! Mr. Satirist, if you have any mercy, or if you have any fear, say not a word of these things: the Reverend Paul Prig, Sir, though raised in so miserable a soil and climate, has feelings of the highest quality; and you know with what solemnity of seal, of neckcloth, spectacles and powder, he can set you at defiance.

It is, Sir, from a sincere attachment to my old neighbour, the Reverend Paul Prig, that I thus address you; and though as far behind him in the fame of furious eloquence as in that of index-making, wine-drinking, literature or priggery, yet, without the least hesitation, do I express my desire that you attend, in grave obeisance, to the case of our exalted Prig, that you at all times, properly revere his refined feelings, and that you observe, on every occasion, a due regard to all hard-earned greatness.

DOROTHY DABCHICK.

Howard's Green,
(Grand Boxing Day,)

Dec. 26, 1811.

MR. SATIRIST,

You were so obliging as to insert in your last Number my thoughts on Police.—I will now beg leave to trouble you with some further observations on the subject ; which are the more loudly called for, as Government seems disposed to adopt half measures at a time when the most vigorous ones are called for, and would cobble up an old machine, *faulty in its original construction*, and therefore never to be by any emendations rendered efficient.

There are many, who, from a jealousy of the liberty of the subject, object to an *armed Police*, as approaching too near the *military* character. But surely this jealousy is without foundation—for, in the first place, their number should preclude any fear on that head, and it is proposed that they should be under the direction of the *civil* power only!—And I would ask what danger to our liberties is likely to arise from the armed patrols, who already guard the outskirts of the metropolis? But admitting, for argument's sake only, that this objection is in some degree well founded, I should answer, that some sacrifice must be made to the public safety—a principle on which all governments are founded. But it has been advanced, from high authority, that if the several acts of parliament, provided for the purpose, be enforced, and *able-bodied* men appointed, the present system is such as fully to answer the end intended. This I positively deny.—I will beg the reader to picture to himself a watchman under his present appointments, and let it be concluded that he is young, active, and courageous—armed with an awkward, unwieldy, and therefore useless pole—let it be supposed that an alarm is given of a certain house having been entered by a desperate gang of thieves, armed with pistols,

iron bars, &c.—The watchman, by means of his rattle calls together four or five of his companions, no better, armed than himself, and those men assembled round the door, are expected to break it open, and enter amidst a band of armed desperadoes, of whose numbers they are ignorant.—I would ask the boldest of my readers if, thus circumstanced, he would feel confidence enough in himself to enter—I must doubt it.—But let these watchmen be so armed as to inspire some degree of confidence, if it be only with a hanger, and I have no doubt but they would do their duty. But *un-armed*, to meet a desperate armed villain, is not courage, but fool-hardiness, and would be a severity of duty which, under no circumstances, we can have a right to impose on an another.

In my last communication I made use of the words “*Sergeant and Corporal*,” in speaking of the constitution of an effective watch, and notwithstanding, I qualified the expression with the words “*by way of distinction*” no other terms occurring at the moment, I understand these magic words have conjured up a Phantasmagoria of drums, trumpets, halberts, and all the frightful circumstance of war. But I do assure those watchful and timid gentry, that although, for want of better, I made use of military terms, it was in a relative sense only, and that my thoughts were at the time wholly confined to the *Civil* authority.—If, however, they will substitute for the terrific sounds, “*Sergeant and Corporal*,” first and second *Warden* of the watch, I have no doubt but the spell will be broken, and the unhappy phantoms will melt into air.

There are only two ways, as it at present occurs to me, of preventing crimes—one I touched on in my former letter, that of rendering the disposal of stolen goods more difficult; and the other, the probability of detec-

tion and punishment in case of delinquency—to the latter I shall for the present confine myself.

The probability of detection must rest on the efficient means immediately at hand, or on the degree of intelligence of which the Police is in possession.

I have already shown, and recent events have proved, that the immediate means (the watch) are inadequate; and as to the intelligence of the Police, it is, and will be, very imperfect, till the law gives it a power of obtaining information—how that information may be obtained will be seen by referring to your last Number. At present, the Police officer has no other means of obtaining it than by frequenting the haunts of these miscreants, and mixing in their society; a mode of proceeding, which, although it has its advantages, is not without its evils—arising from too great a familiarity between the parties.—But though these evils may, and do in a measure exist, I cannot agree with what has lately been advanced in Parliament on this head, and which, as Mr. Percival justly observed, has been a prevailing prejudice from the days of Jonathan Wild. It was asked if the Police officers do not know many persons to be thieves, pick-pockets, and house-breakers?—Yes, no doubt they do—but I would beg leave to observe, that there are degrees in knowledge—for instance, Mr. Satirist, you and I, and many others, know that there are traitors to their country, who walk in open day, and mix in all societies; but is our knowledge (though amounting to a conviction in our own minds) of that nature, that we could found on it a charge of high treason in a court of justice?

Much censure has been lavished on the Police Magistrates on the subject of the late murders, and particularly on those of the Shadwell Office; but, surely with injustice—could it be possible that men could have been more

diligent and active than they have been on the occasion, which was of a description the most perplexing, and seemed at first to defy all inquiry—But, said a certain witty orator, “ they apprehended men because they were Irishmen or foreigners, and guilty of rags and foul linen;” this, however, I believe to be a *poetical* flight of that gentleman—whose splendid talents always shine with greater lustre when he employs them in support of the dignity of his high station, than when his playful wit is exerted to raise a laugh amongst his auditors.

That excellent and active magistrate Mr. Graham, to whose merits I must subscribe, although to my knowledge, I have never seen him, has been censured for examining the brother of the late Mr. Marr, but with as little foundation in justice. It will be remembered by every one, that amidst the many idle and ridiculous surmises thrown out in the newspapers, this person did not escape; it became therefore the duty of the magistrate to call upon him—not under an idea of his guilt, for that could not hold a place for a moment in a reflecting mind; but to satisfy the public, and to give him an opportunity of evincing his innocence. It was besides the duty of the magistrate to examine every avenue (however unpromising the search might be) which possessed a possibility of leading to detection of a crime almost unprecedented in this country—and the perpetrators of which were themselves, amidst an active inquiry, so confident of concealment, as to dare, almost on the same spot, and under the noses of their pursuers, to repeat the hellish outrage.

Yours, &c.

O. A. H.

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

LETTER I.

MR. SATIRIST.

The education of the poor is become the popular cry of the day ; and in attempting to combat it I shall perhaps be accused of rashness. But I court not the breath of popular applause in opposition to the conviction of my own mind.

I am glad, however, to see the education of the poor taken up by the nobility and heads of the church, so that, if we must have an indiscriminate education of the mass, it may be conducted through the channels of the established religion ; not that I approve the principle, but prefer it to the greater evil of seeing it in the hands of dissenters or, what is still worse, in the hands of such a man as Mr. Lancaster, who professes to inculcate *no* religion.

The riches of a country do not consist either in its metal or paper currency, but in the labour of its inhabitants, and the fertility of its soil. If this position be true, whatever tends to lessen the quantum of labour, without which that fertility will be useless, diminishes the riches of the country.

The depreciation of Paper currency, or the sale of Guineas is but a trifling evil when compared with the subject under consideration. The former is but the blight of a season, but the latter is a canker in the root of the tree, which in time will be its destruction.

But how, it will be asked, will teaching the poor to read and write render them less able to work? will it lessen their physical powers for labour?—I answer—Yes—It will render them *less willing*, and therefore less able. It will effect their physical powers, independent of the power of the mind on the body. The person who studies, must lead, more or less, a sedentary life; he will be gradually less habituated to work, and will absolutely lose his strength for manual labour in proportion.

But my opponents will say, it is not intended that they shall be so taught as to make them *learned men*; but only sufficiently so for the useful purposes of life, and that they may instruct themselves in morality and religion—What! will those wise reasoners set bounds to the human mind?—Will they free the bird from the cage, and then command it to remain within certain bounds?—I would ask them, what are the useful purposes of life? And if the operation of tilling the ground is not as useful as that of reading and writing?—And is it not more necessary that the soil should be duly cultivated, than that an unnecessary number of hands should be taught to keep accounts of its profit or loss?—As to morality and religion, is the person who is taught to read and write in a surer road to Heaven than he was before? I think I may boldly venture to affirm that the contrary is the case, and that he is then more likely to wander into the paths of error.

The unlettered rustic hears the pure doctrine of his religion from the pulpit, and he hears no other; but to him, who is possessed of a little learning, the most pernicious doctrines are open, and proud of his trifling attainments and of his fancied superiority over his more ignorant, but more virtuous, neighbours, it is ten to one but he attempts to show it by dealing out the blasphemies of Tom Paine, or others, but too easily to be got at. This is no imagi-

nary picture, I have seen but too many of these plants removed by education from their native soil—from the wild heath to the garden—and have felt the effects of their rank growth and pestilential influence.

It has been advanced, in favour of Sunday schools, that they tend to foster genius and bring forward into notice men of abilities who would otherwise have remained unknown. Strong talent will make its own way in the first instance, and develope itself. Let such be duly fostered, but the bird who has not in himself the strength to break the shell, will not be found worth taking from the egg.

The advocates for indiscriminate education say that these *educated* labourers are still to dig and till the ground—yes—when ambition shall be rooted from the human breast; but till then the plough will rust in the furrow.—Manual labour and learning are incompatible, he who can read and write will aspire to be a clerk or a merchant, and will scorn to be a “Hewer of wood or drawer of water.”

We find indeed, some few, whose labours are of a sedentary nature, which do not require much attention from the mind, who have burst through the trammels and have become in a degree learned. Shoemakers for instance—we have had some of this description who have turned out literary men, and one in particular, who produced some very ingenious works, but was he a more useful member of society than he would have been, had he observed the good old adage of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*?—Was he not rather one of those dangerous half learned characters, of which the present day produces but too many instances, who employed his talents, as far as they went, in endeavouring to overturn the constitution of his country—and which at length brought him a criminal at the bar.

Take the Newgate calendar, examine it, and you will find, in general, that the miserable victims of the Law are

not the simple and untaught labourers and husbandmen—but those *half educated men*, who have just drank enough from the fountain of knowledge to intoxicate and make them reel from the path of rectitude—proving that the Poet knew human nature when he said—

A little learning is a dangerous thing,

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;

These *shallow draughts* intoxicate the brain, &c.

In your next number, Mr. Satirist, I hope to treat further on this subject, and in the mean time,

I am your most obedient servant,

O. A. H.

The SATIRIZER satirised!

MR. SATIRIZER,

My honored mother says I am a *bit* of a scholar—and, with regard to *that*, how could I help being otherwise; having *finished* my education, and *not for* NOTHING, at Dr. K's *finishing* academy—he *started up* “a Doctor,” the other day, *all in a hurry*, owing to a *Dip* from Dublin.—So says my mother to me, “Bobby,” says she, “if thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.” I thought my poor mother was *cracked*; and I said to myself, in *silly-lo-quy*—*Bless thy five wits!* But she told me it was only a *scrap* which she had picked up out of Hamlet's *plays!* “Bobby,” says she, (and she spoke, for all the

world, as if she was half *choked*) “take up your pen, and write to that *there* satirizing *Feller*, (*meaning you*) and tell him, I’ll *persecute* him to the utmost *rig-a-mery* of the law, for making me a laughing-stock *in print*! (My mother’s a terrible *Turk* when she’s provoked); says she, he has told a *pack of lies* about me, without saying *by your leave*; or any thing—and moreover, has *trumped up* a story about my *intriguing* of Gentlemen of the Cloth into my *Attic*, in order to *bargain* with them about buying some *left-off* Sermons—and how I went to church; and how it was *all BETTY*; and how I was *squeed-ged* and *scrowd-ged* to death; and how I *detected* the preacher *in the very act* of preaching what he had no *right* to, being my own, and *soul* property. Moreover, and *further more*, he makes me write my name *DOROTHY*.—Whereas, never, and *at no time*, was I so called, nor by any thing so old *fashionish*! But what is *worser* than all, that you should *insert* positively, that, she was to be heard of “at the *BAR* of the *Cat* and *Shoulder* of *Mutton*,” *insinuating*, that she *calls* in there for “a *drop* of comfort.—Whereas, the *LADY HERSELF*, that owns the *Cat* and *Shoulder* of *Mutton*, swears its all a *FUDGE*; and, moreover, *detests*, that, it is a shame that you should be suffered to tell such *fal-de-riddle* falshoods. Then, as to your saying, that, she was *learnt* Latin—that’s all another *fudge*—for she will take her *BIBLE*-oath that she knows no more of that *LINGO* than the *POPE* of Rome, (God bless his *MAJESTY*!) and *detests* that she only knows the *VULGAR Tongue*; in which she will *renter* to *beat* any body; and, if you doubt her *word*, if you will call on her, and *ONLY* *question* her, she will give you *proof* of it!!!——Now, I am done; *dolens volens*, as the *learned* say.—My mother has stepped out of the room to fetch me an *Entick*—for though I’m a *bit* of a

scholar, I am nevertheless, *and notwithstanding*, sometimes at a loss for a *spell*: and should be sorry to disgrace my late master, who is an LL. D. and an ASS in the bargain!!!!!!

Your's—as you find him!

NOTA BENE:—My mother is looking over my shoulder to see that *I want for nothing*; so says she, “Bobby,” says she, “don’t put your name.” So, out of duty to my *honoured* mother, I remain

MUM.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM EXTRAODINARY.

MR. SATIRIST.

Some short time since, after reading the late proceedings of the “Friends of Reform,” I walked up to my book-case, to reach down some book that might allay the agitation produced by that perusal; and my hand chanced to fall, by some unconscious and involuntary impulse, on that volume of Swift’s works, which contains Gulliver’s Travels. No choice could have been more fortunate, than this accident was. It immediately occurred to me to refer to the schemes of the political projectors, whom that amusing traveller is stated to have met with at Lagado.

I was particularly struck with the project of the Doctor, who proposed that certain physicians should attend the Senate, at stated times, and feel the pulses of every

Senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should afterwards return to the Senate-house, attended by their apothecaries, stored with proper medicines, and administer to each of the members such medicines and applications as their several cases required.

I concurred with the Doctor in thinking, that Senates and great Councils, are often troubled with redundants, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes and deliriums; with scrophulous tumors, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour, frothy ructations; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others needless to mention. I had always admired this ingenious project; but, under the peculiar circumstances of the times, it made on this occasion a very forcible impression on my mind. In truth, I considered it to be infinitely superior to any popular scheme of reform which I had ever seen or heard recommended.

I retired to bed with this sensation so strongly impressed upon me, that it produced the following vision. A Senate-house, filled with members just proceeding to debate, rose to my view. I had scarce taken a survey of this visionary edifice, when several persons, whose appearance plainly indicated that they were doctors, seemed to enter. They all immediately proceeded to one side of the house. The persons to whom they addressed themselves were distinguished from the members on the opposite side, by a very unusual distention of the posteriors. I concluded, within myself, that the doctors would first apply themselves to the removal of this deformity, and doubted not, that their patients would gladly submit

to any prescription which should afford a prospect of success. But, in this I was grossly mistaken: they positively deprecated any attempt to remove or reduce the excrescence. Goldsmith mentions, in one of his essays, a country, in which a large dependence from the chin was an endemic deformity, but which the natives had always been accustomed to consider as a matter of great beauty. So, these gentlemen, it appeared, prided themselves greatly on the unnatural enlargement of their * parts. They seemed to carry their love for this deformity so far as to advance it as a peculiar qualification in them.

For as the Egyptians us'd by Bees
T'express their antique Plotomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power;
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rests in their tails,
And when they're once impaired in that,
Are banished the well-order'd state;
They thought all governments were best,
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

HUDIBRAS.

The first individual on whom my observation fell, appeared to be a Baronet, who, having "gone a w——g with his own imagination" of political freedom, was most dreadfully disordered with the *French † disease*.

* I dreamed that I was informed by a bye-stander, to whom I had addressed myself, that it was a favorite notion with these gentlemen, that the word *parts* was synonymous to *ability*; and by a most whimsical combination of ideas, they assured themselves, that, as they were distinguished by an uncommon extension of the one, they were gifted with an extraordinary possession of the other: and they accordingly arrogated to themselves the denomination of, "ALL THE TALENTS."

† It must be kept in mind, that the *French disease* here mentioned is not a *phsical*, but a *political disorder*.

The next object which caught my eye, (if a dream may be so described) was a man stretched on the floor, by whose side lay several empty bottles, labelled "SHERRY." This person's nose far exceeded the reputation of Slawkenbergius's. Indeed, it exhibited so luminous an appearance that it forcibly called to my recollection (sleeping as I was) the description which Barnaby gives of his friend Tom Younger's—

Ardet nasus, ut candela.

He seemed to be in a very bad, and weak state, and on the approach of the doctors, earnestly recommended the expedience of *cupping*; but they expressed a decided opinion, that he had already repeated that operation too frequently.

My attention was next directed to a gentleman—whom, from his appearance, I conjectured to be one, or at least a descendant, of the HE-BREWS.—This member was very clamorous; and, without waiting for the advice of the physicians, began to declare very vehemently in favour of strong *purgatives*; but it seemed to be generally thought, that he did so with no other view than that of being chosen a *Privy-counsellor*.

This person had lately been blistered, and acknowledged that he was most intolerably annoyed by the *Spanish flies*. The sore produced on this occasion had been greatly irritated by his applying to it a dressing of *Holland sheets*.

It would be tedious and disgusting to particularise all the cases which appeared. I shall conclude, therefore, by stating some general symptoms which were discernable, in various degrees, in almost all the members of the broad-bottomed party.

I observed that these gentlemen evinced great anxiety to have their pulses felt, and expressed the greatest confidence in the efficacy of the *Royal touch*, to cure all their disorders:—they were, of course, exceedingly anxious for this *sovereign* remedy.

Almost all these gentlemen had lost the sight of one eye: by which means it happened that they saw but one side of every case; and that side, as far as I had an opportunity of inspecting their proceedings, was always the worst. This particular, added to the enmity they seemed to entertain against all persons in office, induced me to think that they were very well inclined—

— *Cyclop-like*, in human flesh to deal;
And eat a Minister, at every meal!

DRYDEN.

Such, Mr. Satirist, was my dream; and this brief sketch is the only wreck, which such a “baseless fabric” has left behind. If you shall be of opinion, that the preservation of it in your miscellany will answer any good purpose, it is most devotedly at your service.

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

ANGLICANUS.

London,
7th, June, 1809.

ON FALSEHOOD.

SIR,

To lash the vices of mankind seems to be one of the principal objects of your celebrated miscellany.—Perhaps none are more deserving censure, than that of Falsehood. The various disguises which it wears, and the mischiefs it creates, cannot be too much exposed. Under this impression I request your insertion of the following remarks.

Falsehood is justly considered to be so ignominious, that its imputation occasions generally, prompt, and passionate resentment. This universal tenaciousness, while it thus pays homage to the value, and the virtue of truth, characterises at the same time (in appearance at least) a proper dignity of feeling, and is highly honorable to the sensibility by which it is excited. But, alas! Mr. Satirist, in this instance, as in numerous others, pride so frequently arrays itself in the garb of principle, and assumes such a similarity of feature, that the latter is not unfrequently mistaken for the former. The fact is, that the indulging in what is (vulgarly) phrased, a *Lie*, is, in reality, less a matter of abhorrence with the multitude, than its being imputed.—The imputation is a sore, which to touch is to torture—for certain it is, that even where principle is too feeble to restrain its commission, Pride may be severely stung by its reproach—Publicly scorned, while secretly indulged is, as to many falsehoods, intitled, *Motto*.

It is extremely to be regretted that this odious Vice has so many acknowledged and known dependants—of that number are Convenience—Fear—Interest—Envy—

Malice, Revenge, &c. &c. Were it requisite (as to the latter of these) to illustrate the fact by my special reference, the recent attack made upon you, Mr. Satirist, by the Editor of the Statesman, furnishes ample materials. But, as it may be questioned, in this instance, whether the real (however disguised) intention of such attack may not correspond with its actual effect, (namely, adding to the celebrity of, and increasing the demand for your admired Publication) it has, perhaps, so viewed, some claim upon your gratitude, and shall not, therefore, be the subject of further remark by me.

Falsehood, as it has many dependants, has also numerous patrons—patrons, that are distinguished by wealth, by rank and by title.—Then who would readily, if charged with a breach of truth, hazard their own existence, as well as that of the accuser, to satisfy their injured *pride*. Yet these very persons—the men thus externally embellished, and whose tenacity is so instantly excited by even a doubt of their veracity, not unfrequently descend so far below the dignity which appertains to every honorable mind (even of the humblest class), as to order their domestics to utter that which is well known to those dependants to be gross falsehoods. Many are the houses of *Fashion*, where obtaining the discharge of a long standing debt, or the realization of a repeatedly promised, but procrastinated—payment, may necessarily cause inquiries for the Master or Mistress of the mansion. What is the perpetual answer—“His Lordship,” or “her Ladyship, is *not at home*.” The fact is, each, at the moment, they are so denied, *are at home*—yet, this falsehood, John is instructed to repeat as regularly as to open the door.—Thus his Lordship *lies* (as he votes) by *Proxy*. To particularize the various instances, to which his Lordship's commands of this nature extend, would be merely to

show that lying (as occasions may require), is in such houses, a material part of a servant's *dirty work*. But, let the scene be reversed, and the servant presume to practise, on his own account, an Art taught by his Master,—in what a different light does his Lordship then view an untruth—hear his remarks.—“How dare you, sirrah—how dare you, I ask, attempt to deceive me—I—I detest a lie—you—you know I do—John—John, I can pardon any thing—any thing but a lie.—The servant who can lie to his Master, forfeits all confidence.” Alas! poor John! he has not the privilege of the learned profession—he dare not refer to *precedents* or *cases in point*.

Happy would it be, were this despicable practice not to extend beyond the unprincipled part of those who figure in what is called *fashionable life*. But, if we turn to those engaged in a sacred employ—namely, religious instructors (highly entitled to be revered as is the profession itself, and exemplary as are the lives of the generality of its professors), yet, are there not among them a number, far from trivial, whose whole conduct is directly the contrary of that, which they, from time to time, declare from the pulpit to be sacred and undoubted truths.—Is not this, Mr. Satirist, if I may so express it, *to live a Lie*?—Yet so extremely sensitive are some of these Reverend Gentlemen, on the score of veracity, that impute to them (however palpable) a falsehood, their passions are instantly in a blaze—the gown is renounced—and a pistol is their proposed resort.

Would that there were not a still more numerous class, whose inattention to truth is not less observable—and against whom (on the score of sincerity) the sacred walls of the church bear testimony. Are there not to be found among many devout assemblages, a considerable number

of such as may, without any breach of charity, be deemed *professional Liars*?—At Church they repeatedly confess themselves to be “miserable sinners, &c. &c.” How, if their actual belief, in what they there declare, were put to the test, what would be the result? For instance, were they at their respective residences addressed by their Minister, as being really of that description (“miserable sinners”), however delicate the language in which he clothed the character—or, however pious his object, as intending, by the reference, effectually to impress (as a consequence) the necessity of humiliation and contrition, would not very many who had made the avowal of that conviction with their lips, be instantly, and highly offended?—Would they not, at least, internally, disavow their Church acknowledgments—and—abandoning the confession of the Publican—assume the boast of the Pharisee? In short, not a few of such Confessors might, with great truth, adopt the assertion of the Old Woman, who gloried, after having lived sixty years in a village, that she defied any of her neighbours to say, that they ever heard her (except at church) speak an ill word of herself.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

B. A.

CHELSEA UPROAR!!!

Furor arma ministrat.

VIRGIL.

The following hand-bills, which we give in the order in which they appeared, were stuck up in all the most conspicuous places of the populous parish of Chelsea very lately.

I

To the Inhabitants of Chelsea.

At a Vestry held on Thursday, 29th of August last, a motion was made to apply to Parliament, for *An Act to alter the mode of Assessing and Collecting the Poor's Rate, Church and Highway Rates* of this Parish, which was carried by a Majority of *two only*, and although the Inhabitant Householders amount to near Three Thousand, there were not more than Sixty persons present. A Bill having been prepared in pursuance thereof, was read to the Committee on Wednesday the 8th Instant, in which some alterations were made. The Committee met again on Saturday the 18th Instant, when it was resolved, that the Bill, as first prepared, as well as in its altered state, should be laid before a Vestry of the Parishioners at large for their choice, on Friday next the 24th Instant, at 12 o'clock.

THE BILL AS FIRST PREPARED

Enables Two Magistrates to appoint Eight Overseers of the Poor.

It also empowers Twenty-One Trustees, together with the Rector, Churchwardens, and Overseers, for the time being, any *five* of whom being a quorum, to assess, collect, and expend, the Poors Rate, Church and Highway Rates, which together amount to many Thousand Pounds per Annum; for which immense expenditure they are not to be accountable, nor will their Books, or Accounts, be subject to examination.

It should be observed, that the expenditure of the Parish, at present, is annually examined by the Parishioners at large, assembled in Vestry.

A Treasurer and Collectors are to be appointed, and Salaries allowed.

The Trustees to appoint a Clerk or Clerks, and to give such salaries as they think proper, in which appointment and salary the Parishioners are to have no right of interference.

The Bill also empowers the Trustees to make "*Bye Laws*, and to *repeal, alter, vary and amend* the same."—the Danger and Impropriety of which are too obvious to need comment, as the Parishioners have no power to examine such Bye Laws.

The Bill further declares, that for Houses, Tenements, &c. of £20 per Annum, or under, in case of non-payment of the rates by the tenant, the landlord shall be considered the occupier, and the goods of the tenant on the premises, and those of the landlord, at his own dwelling-house, may be seized and sold by the Collector, under the warrant of *One Magistrate only*.

The effects of the above *Partial* and *Oppressive Tax*, on one particular species of property, will compel the landlord to increase his rent, and in many cases to distrain for the same, the tenant left destitute of a bed and other necessities of life, will be driven with his family to seek refuge in the Parish Workhouse, where, with his spirit broken, he will exchange his habits of industry and attachment to his family, for *Idleness* and *Profligacy*, the constant effects of a residence in a Workhouse. It will in all cases greatly oppress the poor, augment the rates, and increase the number of paupers, so much so, that the present Workhouse will be found insufficient, and must be enlarged.

If the landlord raises the rent in consequence of his paying the rates of any house now under £20—to above that sum, an increase of £50 per cent on the house-tax will follow, viz. from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. in the pound; it will also add to the Property-Tax, thereby burthening the landlord and tenant with taxes beyond what is paid for premises of the like description in other parishes.

The landlord will also be compelled to pay the rates, notwithstanding he loses his rent, as the following tenant must pay the arrears of rates due from the last tenant, which he may deduct on a payment of his rent to the landlord.

By the general poor laws of the kingdom, the occupier of £10 per annum thereby gains a parochial settlement; the intended Act alters the established laws, inasmuch as persons renting £20 per annum will not gain a settlement, nor will they be allowed a Vote in Vestry unless they rent above £20.

No parishioner, however large his rental, will after passing this Act, be permitted to interfere in any respect with the poor's rate, church or highway rates, or give his

opinion in Vestry on any subject comprised in this Act, as the parish will be governed as by A SELECT VESTRY, though under another name.

THE BILL IN ITS ALTERED STATE

Limits the number of Overseers to six, omits the appointment of Trustees, Treasurer, Collectors and Clerks, fixes the rental by which a parochial settlement may be obtained at above £16. per Annum, leaving all the injustice on the landlord, unless the rents exceed £20 per Annum, with the oppressive consequences which will follow on the tenant, and the power of disfranchising the inhabitants, in its full force.

NOTE. A local Act, somewhat similar to the one prepared for this parish, took place at *Woolwich*, 13th of August, 1807, previous to which the poors rate was two shillings and two-pence in the pound; in 1811 it was six shillings, which will be incontrovertibly proved to the Vestry, on Friday next, by the production of receipts for poors rate in that parish, at both periods.

The inhabitants of *Chelsea* will, by inspecting their receipts for poors rates, observe, that the rating is at three-fourths the rack-rent, and that the annual charge is not more than two shillings in the pound on the rack rent; they will therefore surely think it prudent to *let well alone*, and attend at the Vestry on Friday next, to expunge such parts as may be obnoxious, or *reject the Bill altogether*.

Monday 20th January, 1812.

II.

To the Inhabitants of Chelsea.

A malevolent hand-bill, containing the Grossest Misrepresentations respecting the proposed Act for better assessing and collecting the poor rate of this parish, having been industriously circulated, the Inhabitants are respectfully solicited to peruse the following observations, which will prove it to have been the production of persons, *self-interested* and regardless of the parochial welfare. Persons, who under an affected appeal to the humanity of the Inhabitants, endeavour to conceal their own *oppression*, and the manifest *injury* sustained by the occupiers of large tenements, in compelling them to pay the deficiency of the smaller tenements, to the enormous amount of Six Hundred Pounds per Annum, let by them at an *increased* rental, under the promise of paying no poor rate, though at the same time drawing deeply from the parish resources. It may not be irrelevant to ask why, from the vast *increase* of houses in this parish, the poor rate has not *decreased* in due proportion; and the only answer which can be given from practical knowledge will be, that the still greater increase of small houses, from which no rate is received, has drawn the poor from other parishes, and augmented the expenditure. Thus much for the *disinterested feelings* of the *Authors* of the hand-bill.

THE BILL AS FIRST PREPARED.

ANSWERS.

1. ENABLES Two Magistrates to appoint Eight Overseers of the Poor.

1. AS the Law now stands, four Overseers are appointed on the nomination of the Parishioners; the addition of four more on the

same nomination cannot be considered injurious, but the contrary, as an extension of number will, considering the great increase of population and building, facilitate the business, as also enable them to devote more time to the controul and superintendence of the duties of their office, which will be of essential service to the Poor, as also to the Parish.

2. It also empowers Twenty-One Trustees, together with the Rector, Churchwardens, and Overseers, for the time being, any FIVE of whom being a quorum, to assess, collect, and expend, the Poors Rate, Church, and Highway Rates, which together amount to many Thousand Pounds per Annum; for which immense expenditure they are not to be accountable, nor will their Books or Accounts be subject to examination.

3. It should be observed that the expenditure of the Parish at present is annually examined by the Parishioners at large, assembled in Vestry.

4. A Treasurer and Collectors are to be appointed and Salaries allowed.

2. The reason of abandoning the appointment of Trustees (though such appointment would be of material service, as such Trustees would be the elected Representatives of the parish, and going out by rotation at stated times, and new Members from time to time elected) is, that a prejudice prevails with a great part of the Parish, that such appointment is in the nature of a Select Vestry, though the contrary is the fact. This is now abandoned by the Bill in its altered state.

3. The intended Bill will not take the examination of Expenditure and Accounts out of the hands of the Parishioners in Vestry assembled.

4. Those Officers are absolutely necessary, for without them, the advantage of a proper and close collection of the Rates cannot be obtained. With those Officers also your Overseers will be enabled to devote much spare time to the controul, superintendence, and

management of the essential interests of the Parish and its Poor.

The Treasurer is an honorary situation, acting gratuitously, and the Collector is to be paid by a small poundage, which will quicken his services, and which poundage is to be determined at the Vestry.

5. The Bill also empowers the Trustees to make "Bye Laws, and to repeal, alter, vary, and amend the same."—the danger and impropriety of which are too obvious to need comment, as the Parishioners have no power to examine such Bye Laws.

5. This enactment of the intended Bill is abandoned for the reasons before stated in regard to the Trustees, though the necessary Bye laws which should be made from time to time, could not be injurious by possibility, as the controul the Parishioners in Vestry would have had over the Trustees by re-election, &c. would also occasion the repeal or alteration of any obnoxious Law.

6. The Bill further declares, that for Houses, Tenements, &c. of £20 per annum, or under, in case of non-payment of the rates by the tenant, the landlord shall be considered the occupier, and the goods of the tenant on the premises, and those of the landlord at his own dwelling-house, may be seized and sold by the Collector, under the warrant of one Magistrate only.

6. This is a most essential and necessary enactment, in consequence of the increase of houses of this description let out in lodgings and apartments to a description of people, who are continually moving, and avoiding payment of the rates, to the great injury of the parish. In regard to the landlords of this description of property, they can suffer no injury, as they collect their rents weekly, monthly, or by short periodical payments, and avoid any great risk.

7. The effects of the above partial and oppressive tax, on one particular species of property, will

7. The rates are already laid on the tenants, by the landlords, consequently this enactment can-

compel the landlord to increase his rent, and in many cases to distrain for the same, the tenant left destitute of a bed, and other necessities of life, will be driven with his family to seek refuge in the parish workhouse, where, with his spirit broken, he will exchange his habits of industry and attachment to his family, for *idleness* and *profligacy*, the constant effects of a residence in a workhouse. It will in all cases greatly oppress the poor, augment the rates, and increase the number of paupers, so much so, that the present Workhouse will be found insufficient and must be enlarged.

8. If the landlord raises the rent in consequence of his paying the rates of any house now under £20—to above that sum, an increase of £50 per cent. on the house tax will follow, viz. from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. in the pound. It will also add to the property-tax, thereby burthening the landlord and tenant with taxes beyond what is paid for premises of the like description in other parishes.

9. The landlord will also be compelled to pay the rates, notwithstanding he loses his rent, as the following tenant must pay the arrears of rates due from the last tenant, which he may deduct on payment of his rent to the landlord.

not injure the tenants. It will not be necessary to answer the extraneous appeal to the feelings of individuals regarding broken spirits, oppression, &c. &c. when the landlords are the oppressors.

8. This object can be obviated by keeping the rack-rents on the rule of 3-4ths of the present rents. The advance of property duty will be too trifling, if duly considered and reckoned, to injure the landlord.

9. The landlord in this case will be more attentive to his selection of tenantry, which will be of the greatest service to the parish and the morals of its inhabitants, by excluding improper characters, and promoting respectability and opulence instead of poverty and petty knavery.

10. No parishioner, however large his rental, will, after passing this Act, be permitted to interfere in any respect with the poors rate, church or highway rates, or give his opinion in Vestry, on any subject comprised in this Act, as the parish will be governed as by a Select Vestry, though under another name.

19. This is a gross falsehood. The Vestry was to remain open as by immemorial usage, and to have every controul on the subject of poor rates, church and highway rates, &c. but as the Trustees are now waived, the allusion to the government of the parish by a Select Vestry, is only encouraging a false prejudice against the appointment of a most useful body of men as your representatives, subject to your controul and re-election from time to time.

In the note of reference to the Woolwich Act, it is stated, that previous to the Act, passed in August, 1807, the poors rate was two shillings and two-pence in the pound, and in 1811 it was six shillings. Now the fact is, that the average of preceding years to the passing of that Act, was three shillings and four-pence in the pound, and in the year 1811 it was five shillings instead of six shillings; so much for the accuracy of the noter. The excess in 1811 was occasioned by the numerous body of labourers and their families employed by the Ordnance and Navy in that year.

The impartial reader of the foregoing explanatory answers to the hand-bill published on Monday last, will see how far the promoters of the intended Bill in Parliament can possibly be charged with injustice to the landlords in the parish, with producing oppressive consequences to the tenants, or arming themselves with the power of disfranchising the inhabitants; and it is hoped that he will attend the Vestry to-morrow, and judge for himself.

PHILO VERITAS.

Chelsea, 22d Jan. 1812.

III.

To the Inhabitants.

This is to give Notice,

That a select number of *Parish Jobbers* will meet on Friday morning, at 12 o'clock precisely, at the Church corner. Likewise two barbers and a taylor, with numerous assistants, will attempt to shave and shear the whole parish with twenty-one new invented razors; but it is thought many of them are so blunt that they will not cut.

N. B. The Patent Lather to be used on this occasion is a composition of *Oil, Vinegar, and Mustard.*

On Friday morning, at the appointed hour, the vestry, the church, and the church-yard of Chelsea, presented scenes that would beggar all description. At the vestry-door, a ruffian stood (evidently hired) with twenty-one razors in his hand: In the church-yard, a large board, such as is used by lottery puffers, was raised on a pole, bearing the effigies of St. Luke, the apostle, resisting the attempts of two shavers; (Messrs. C. and L.) a tailor (Mr. E.) was represented in the back ground: in the church, Sir Henry Wilson, of Chelsea Park, in an animated flow of eloquence; peculiarly his own, harangued against a parish junta, against jobbers, and against the proceedings of vestries in general.—To be brief; THE BILL, as first prepared, was unanimously rejected by acclamation; the BILL, as amended by Mr. P. and Mr. S. met the same noisy fate; and lastly the famous PETITION, which appears, by the "Votes of the House of Commons," to have been received 20th Jan. 1812, was ordered to be withdrawn!!!

Sic transit gloria MONDAY.

EPIGRAMS.

On a late SPEECH of a CERTAIN BARONET.

Morality's not thy sure fruit, Education !
Cried *Frank*, in debate on Police reformation.
Strong supporter of truth!—his reward should be ample
Whose tongue gives the *Precept*—his life the *Example*.
OWEN AP HOEL.

ON THE LATE REJOICINGS IN FRANCE.

All France they say,
Is vastly gay,
And why this joy forsooth?
Because that thing,
Rome's mighty king,
Has lately *cut a tooth*.

Weep, Gallia, weep,
While curses deep
Drown mirth's unhallow'd note;
You might rejoice,
With heart and voice,
If Nap had *cut his throat*.
JOHN BULL.

On the RE-BUILDING of DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

But for Whitbread, the Playhouse of Drury again
Had ne'er risen after the fire :
Since this is the case, 'twill be said, Drury-lane
Has now become *Whitbread's entire*.

FROTH.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Trotter's Memoirs of the latter Years of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox.

(Continued from page 48 of our last.)

At the time Mr. Trotter first became known to Mr. Fox, he had "formed no *very decided* opinion on politics, and in particular upon Irish affairs." As the consequence of this he tells us, that he "approached the great statesman, who in retirement mourned over the growing miseries he clearly foresaw, but could not prevent, with sentiments of *admiration* and *respect*." His having formed no *very decided* opinion on politics, was perhaps for him a fortunate circumstance, as it enabled him to adopt that of his patron with great facility. In such cases a *very decided* opinion, might prove extremely inconvenient, and we will give Mr. Trotter full credit for such exemplary impartiality, as to believe if, at that period, he had been introduced to Mr. Pitt, instead of Mr. Fox, that, in a very short time, he would have learned to glow with admiration, as enthusiastic and as sincere

for the former, as that which he was led to feel for the latter.

The panegyric on Mr. Fox is commenced with little loss of time. Mr. Trotter makes no farther delay in proceeding with it, then is necessary to give him an opportunity of paying proper attention to himself. With a laudable anxiety to give the reader every information he could desire about so illustrious a personage, he spares no pains to cultivate and improve that acquaintance, which, in the earliest part of his work, he seems to think has been so happily commenced; and his ideas, feelings, and situations, however remote from the subject of his work, are regularly communicated as gravely as if any one could wish to read them with appropriate ceremony and becoming form. Of his importance, in his own estimation, the following extract will give some, though perhaps but a faint idea.

“I was wandering among the beauties of North Wales, when a letter from Mr. Fox reached me, stating his intention of going to France in furtherance of his historical work, and adding that I could be of use in copying for him in Paris. The sublime scenery of the interior of North Wales—the peaceful mansions of a contented and happy people—the innumerable beauties of nature stamped by the hand of a Divine Creator, and scattered profusely around me, had harmonised my mind and prepared it for reflection and observation. The friendly eye which had penetrated these recesses, and the hand which had beckoned me to leave these calm and rural haunts, to behold a new and brilliant order of things, in the powerful *kingdom** of France, were recognised by me, as heralds of friendship and beneficence;

* We always imagined that France was at this period a Republic!

but his active benevolence, manifested on this occasion, filled me with grateful surprise.

“Reader! such a character was Mr. Fox! To raise up the neglected, and to aid those whom scanty means might keep pining at home or languishing in obscurity, was his bright characteristic. The practical homage paid to the Deity by this great and christian character was, to cheer the afflicted and elevate the oppressed.

“Still I left Wales with regret, for I had experienced that happiness is not to be found in crowds, and that the glare of grandeur dazzles, but neither warms nor enlivens.—Sincerity is an humble flower which rarely flourishes near it; and, without that, I had learnt to prefer retirement to all the bustle and pomp of courts.”

The above, while it gives a specimen of the attention which Mr. Trotter uniformly pays to himself, will at the same time enable the reader to judge of the value of his praise from the very judicious manner in which he heaps it on his patron. After telling us that Mr. Fox had offered to take him to Paris, the note of admiration which accompanies the exclamation of “Reader! such a character was Mr. Fox!” has a very fine effect. What must he be who, after this, can refuse to pay homage to the godlike character that took Mr. Trotter to Paris, who, but for Mr. Fox, must have remained at home? Who will not admire that practical homage paid to the Deity, which paid Mr. Trotter's expences to Paris, and kept him from going astray with the Welch ladies,—we beg pardon, we mean “wandering among the *beauties* of North Wales.”

Sir R.—d P.— appears to have taught Mr. Trotter the art of book-making, and truth to say, it is sometime since the knight met with so promising a pupil. Assisted by the instructions of that prince of booksellers,

(we will not say of B—k—ts,) "*the Author*" has taken care to lengthen out his history with moral reflections, which have no application; with laboured disquisitions, which have no meaning; and with insipid anecdotes quite foreign to the work in which he is engaged. He has besides enriched his work with many quotations from the classics, with which the lovers of Virgil, Ariosto, &c. must be highly delighted, as must the admirers of original works, with the reflections, disquisitions, &c. before alluded to. To be sure it may be said, that all these might as well have been published under the title which belong to them—"Elegant Extracts," and "Trotter's Essay's," but then, they would not sell by themselves, and, all the real information in the book about Mr. Fox, would, by itself, have made but a scanty pamphlet, for which so *conscientious a tradesman* as Sir R—d could not possibly have demanded more than one shilling.

At page 43 Mr. Trotter communicates the important fact, that he had heard at Calais, or somewhere else, that Sir F. B—tt, when in France, had been complimented as the friend of Mr. Fox; upon which he turned round, and instantaneously corrected the expression, by saying, "No," he was "*l'ami du peuple*." We cannot ourselves see any thing very preposterous in this; but, perhaps, we are in some measure blinded by *our partiality* for Sir F—. His conduct in this instance, however, must have been very wrong indeed, because Mr. Trotter informs us that *his* would have been different; and to prove this, he tells us, that when a ticket was put under *his* plate at Lisle, inscribed, "*L'ami du Lord Fox*," he did not throw it away with coldness, nor return it to the good people of Lisle, requiring one inscribed, "*L'ami du peuple*," but on the contrary kept it, and has retained it ever since, as an "*honourable*, and, to him, ever melan-

choly memorial." After telling this fine story, Mr. Trotter seems to have had a glimpse of its insignificance, and he has the candour and the humility to acknowledge, that, "it may appear to some too trivial to record." This was an opinion that might rationally have been held, or at least a question might have been asked, whether it was or not, if "*the author*" had not kindly set the matter at rest for ever, by adding "*I do not think so.*"

All the way through this book we are continually disgusted with this childish sort of admiration, which is the more offensive, as Mr. Trotter assumes the character of an historian, whose province it is not merely to admire, but impartially to judge. The extacies he experienced at finding himself in company with Mr. Fox, are also very tiresome from the silly manner in which they are, in almost every page, repeated: We will not wound his feelings by insinuation, in the most distant way, that he had not great reason to be elated at finding himself in such company, and the circumstance of the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs having discovered Mr. Trotter's ability, is certainly a proof of such extraordinary discernment as may well call forth that gentleman's admiration and gratitude. Still, however, the pains he takes to make us acquainted with his transports, we would gladly have spared him; as also the minute accounts given of "our readings" of Mr. Fox being so perfectly happy, "when we were quite alone, and of my venturing to say" something now and then, without previously being satisfied that it was perfectly in unison with his sentiments. The extravagant delight of Mr. Trotter (though we by no means wish to quarrel with his gratitude), is really sickening; while his awkwardly-expressed raptures not unfrequently remind us of those of Dan in "John Bull," when on *Peregrine's*

shaking him by the hand, he exclaims,—“ Here we go, cheek by jowl, by gum!”

That Mr. Trotter was fully prepared to admire the conduct of Mr. Fox, whatever that conduct might be, will we think appear pretty clear from his account of the reception, and his remarks on the deportment of Mr. Fox, when he visited one of the Parisian theatres.

“ On this occasion he was very soon recognised by the audience in the pit ; every eye was fixed on him, and every tongue resounded “ Fox ! ” “ Fox ! ” The whole audience stood up, and the applause was universal. He, alone, to whom all this admiration was paid, was embarrassed. His friends were gratified by the honour bestowed on this great man, by a foreign, and, till lately, hostile people. It was that reward, which crowned heads cannot purchase—respect and gratitude from his fellow men, for his exertions in favour of humanity, and an honourable peace. So unwilling was Mr. Fox to receive the applause as personal, that he could not be prevailed upon to stand forward ; nor when his name, repeatedly pronounced, left no doubt of the matter, could he bring himself to make any obedience or gesture of thanks.”

Now in all this, a less sagacious observer than Mr. Trotter might be at a loss what to admire. Some would have ascribed the conduct of Mr. Fox to affectation, many would have considered it but as indicative of insolent pride, which received all this homage as being no more than what he was entitled to expect ; but we question if any one beside Mr. Trotter would have found out, that it originated in that which can never be too much admired—genuine modesty !—“ the genuine modesty of his nature ! ”—Trotter, hem !

The propensity he has, and the talent which he thinks he has for praise, lead him to celebrate the poli-

tical consistency of his patron. His union with Lord Grenville is praised as a noble sacrifice, made for the good of his country, though at the same time Mr. Trotter undertakes to prove that little advantage could be expected from it. This he distinctly foresaw, though Mr. Fox was so blind as not to perceive it, and therefore we must suppose, that great man to have been vastly inferior in foresight to his sagacious secretary, unless indeed we should chance to be of opinion that Mr. Fox in his eagerness to make a snatch at the loaves and fishes, cared little about who were to be his colleagues. When Mr. Trotter is on the subject of political consistency, in his new work (for he meditates a history of the entire life of Mr. Fox), we hope, even though nothing should be said in the communication which he has directed to be sent to Sir R——d P——ps on the subject, that he will not forget to do justice to that singular display of consistency, which made his hero proud to call Lord North his noble friend, after repeatedly expressing that, that noble Lord would be brought to expiate his misconduct on the scaffold. In that work, as in this, we trust he will have sense enough to say but little on the *glories of 1806*.

We should hardly do justice to the ingenuity of Mr. Trotter, if we were not to give one more instance of the vigilant look-out he uniformly kept when in his patron's company, for something to measure up for "mankind and for posterity." We confess we are almost at a loss to decide whether he means to praise or to ridicule Sir Francis Vincent, in the paragraph which follows.

"This day I recollect Sir Francis Vincent, who was a very assiduous and very respectable young man, but who did not at all comprehend the delicacy and grandeur of Mr. Fox's character, began to talk of foreign politics, and quoted M. Gentz as authority. Mr. Fox made no reply. I

ventured to say, that I did not think Gentz, or people of that stamp, entitled to much weight. "Certainly," said Mr. Fox, very quietly, and *almost under his breath*. Sir Francis had been a lawyer, and carried with him a good deal of the profession ; and was attentive to small matters, proud of overcoming little difficulties, anxious to obtain his superiors' approbation, but very little qualified to appreciate the mind of Mr. Fox. He was, however, good natured in his way, always in a hurry, and ready to wear out a hundred pair of shoes to oblige the secretary of state for foreign affairs."

There certainly must have been something very fine in this mode of expressing "*one's-self almost under one's breath*" (To use Mr. Trotter's phraseology), and how very important it is to "mankind and to posterity," that Mr. Fox once used the word "*certainly*" when in company with Mr. Trotter and Sir Francis Vincent.

Having now said nearly as much of this work as our limits will admit of, we must necessarily contract what we have yet to offer, as much as we can, without losing sight of the object we have constantly had in view, that of giving a proper idea of it and its author. We pass over numerous absurdities, as errors of the press, for Mr. Trotter tells us he had no opportunities of correcting it; but we must make a few brief and hasty extracts, which to us have the value of curiosities. These we take just as we open on them, to give a specimen of the style, strength of observation, and admirable consistency of "*the author!*"

"I recollect in a conversation with him (Mr. Fox) comparing Buonaparte to Augustus on his attainment of power, "*Surely not so cruel*" was his remark in reply. At the time it seemed to me a just parable, but it does not now. I agree with Mr. Fox now, that there is not the "*cruelty*." "*The wicked attempt to subdue Spain; had not then com-*

menced, an attempt far less excusable than the subjugation of Switzerland, and productive of infinitely more misery and bloodshed."—The *wicked* attempt then has since changed his opinion, and brought him to agree with Mr. Fox that Buonaparte has *not the cruelty* of Augustus.

"The waiter threw open the door of our apartment, announcing Lieutenant-General O' Mara. A large and fine figure of a man in full regimentals entered, and introduced himself to Mr. Fox. He was an Irishman, or rather of an Irish extraction, having been born in France, and having served in the French armies since his earliest youth. He had naturally desired to see Mr. Fox, and hoped through his good offices, to be allowed a short time of leave, to behold *what he considered his native land*. Reader, imagine that strength of feeling, that sympathy and yearning for one's country, which this brave officer felt!! (*after fighting against it, "since his earliest youth!"*) "The hour of its commencement," (speaking of a play), was the moment of our rising at Lisle from the dinner table. (The MONTH in which this took place was probably the DAY on which they dined at Lisle.) "The cows were all black, or black and white in Holland." (*What an astonishing sight it must be!*) "The horses good and handsome, but the pigs of a most miserable appearance." (Very interesting intelligence for the lovers of natural history)! "The young girls are very fair, and of an engaging appearance: they are even handsome when quite young." (It is a pity the admirer of the *beauties of North Wales*, as he took some notice of the Dutch "*young girls*," did not extend his researches to treat us with some account of the *old girls*). "There were, as we heard, many houses in and about Brussels to let."—Good heavens!—Can it be possible that there are houses in and about Brussels to let?—As we approached Lisle I shut Joseph Andrews, and

a new scene opened before me.—“What an extraordinary coincidence in this shutting and opening!—If this will not edify “*mankind* and posterity,” we must close Mr. Trotter’s book in despair, and look upon it as only worthy of the *asses* of the present day.

“What I do not like in your letter, “says Mr. Fox, in one of his, to Mr. Trotter,” is your account of yourself.” Could that great man have seen his history of their tour to Paris, it is extremely probable, that a similar observation would have been made by him on the book now before us. It is not, however, even to his account of himself, that our objections are confined. Mr. Trotter may have been a very valuable secretary, but we cannot say that we admire him as an author. If he reads *as well as he writes*, we cannot wonder at his being called upon so often, to read to Mr. Fox, in the last hours of that celebrated statesman’s existence, as his services in that way must have been above all price, when *an opiate* would have *failed* of its effect. That Mr. Trotter has *talents* which might render him very serviceable, when Mr. Fox’s situation made it desirable that he should be dragged round the garden in his chair, or read to sleep, we by no means wish to deny; but as a writer, we cannot say we expect he will be able to furnish much instruction or amusement. He has been rather unhandsomely sneered at, by some of our contemporaries, for having too closely imitated one of the scenes in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, in his description of the late Duchess of Devonshire’s dressing-room. That there is a strong resemblance, cannot be denied; but as Mr. Trotter evidently took great pains there, to please the ladies, from a spirit of gallantry and a natural disposition to take the will for the deed, we have forbore to join in the laugh. That that which is admirable in a romance, may be ridiculous in a real history, we must confess; but

at the same time the considerations above mentioned plead so powerfully in his behalf, that we cannot have the heart to censure it ; and to say the truth, we always thought the case of *the ass in the fable*, extremely hard, who got severely beaten for good-naturedly attempting to do that for which the lap-dog had been caressed before. In taking our leave of Mr. Trotter's work, we cannot say that it contains nothing that will please the general reader ; as if he delights in the ridiculous, we think he may here find a more than common treat. The admirers of Mr. Fox, however, will find in it nothing about him, to make it worth their while to wade through a thick octavo volume. If all he had stated were correct, and of this considerable doubts must arise from Mr. Trotter's *venial error*, as he himself *modestly* calls it, of the *digitalis*, which we have not thought it necessary here to dilate upon, as the fact has been read in all the papers ; and his mis-statement with respect to the persons present, at the death of Mr. Fox, which for the same reason we shall not enlarge upon ; even then, to those who wish to read of Mr. Fox, it would be of little value. The fact is, comparatively speaking, it contains hardly any thing about Mr. Fox. In proportion, however, as it disappoints the friends of the great rival of Pitt, it must delight the admirers of Mr. Trotter, and we have no hesitation in strongly recommending the work to those who feel curious to know what Mr. Trotter thinks of "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," and *himself*.

The Ghost of R——l Stripes, which was prematurely stifled in its birth in January 1812, by Jeremiah Juvenal. M. Jones, 5, Newgate Street, p. p. 19, price 1s. 6d.

Three R——l Bloods, &c. by Peter Pindar, Jun. p. p. 27. price 1s. 6d.

Infamy so gross, falsehoods so palpable, malignity so base, as the *author* (for we cannot believe there are *two* such writers existing) of these *execrable* pamphlets has manifested in 46 pages, (the two together consist of no more) surely never before degraded the human heart, debased as it has been by Thomas Hague, Charles Sedley, and other atrocious literary depredators.

When miscreants, who are only suffered to walk the streets without being hooted and spit upon, because their characters are unknown, dare to lift the *Scourge* for the purposes of *extortion*, the *Satirist* becomes ashamed of his office. *Slander* and *Satire* are so apt to be confounded by the ignorant, that he trembles to court the one, lest he should be suspected of intriguing with the other ;—though in fact, to those who have sense to discriminate, nothing can be more distinct ; this ought to be considered the guardian of virtue, and that the prostitute of vice. We will admit that *Satire* may occasionally wound unjustly, as the dart of *Cephalus* pierced the heart of his beloved *Procris*, but it never knowingly assails the guiltless.—*Slander*, on the contrary, makes no distinction, or, if any, it prefers to attack the modest and the innocent, because it hopes to avail itself of their natural timidity.—Malignity and Avarice are its motives, *revenge* and *extortion* its end. That such were the motives and such the objects of the odious author of the pamphlets before us, cannot be doubted.—

We have heard, and heard with sorrow, that a book of a similar description was, not long ago, suppressed—not as it ought to have been, by the terrors of the pillory, but by the imprudent zeal and affection of a faithful servant, who was induced to bribe its infamous author, rather than his illustrious Master's feelings should be wounded by the gross falsehoods and ribaldry which it contained. This story, whether true or false, encouraged every unprincipled libeller to make a like attempt at extortion, and we will venture to assert, that if *other means* are not adopted, the addition which is about to be made to the P——e R——'s income would be insufficient to satisfy the voraciousness of these literary vermin. Our only surprise is, that any publisher should be bold and base enough to identify himself with such villainous scribblers, by affixing his name to the title-page. Indeed, to the honor of the trade be it spoken, none but those of the very lowest description will thus disgrace themselves.

If we are not mistaken, we shall soon be able to unmask Mr. *Jeremiah* Juvenal, alias Peter *Pindar*, jun. and to hold him up to the indignation and scorn of mankind—as we have other delinquents, to their shame and confusion. In stating the contents of these libels, we shall be restrained by no false delicacy, because the falsehoods are so palpable, that the parties alluded to by initials and dashes cannot possibly be injured by speaking out.

Reader—both these *authentic* works simply tell us, in miserable rhyme, that the Prince Regent went to Oatlands, a few weeks ago; that he there saw, and fell in love with *Lady Y——h*—that Lord Y——h caught him in the act of attempting to gratify his passion; and that his Lordship beat his Royal Highness most severely!—

This is the sum total; and, in reply, it is only necessary to state, that Lady Y——h is, and *has been for several years*, in FRANCE!!!

The *ignorance* of such pestilent scribblers, as Jeremiah Juvenal and Peter Pindar, jun., is generally commensurate with their infamy, and like the viper, they afford an antidote to their own *venom*.

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SIR F—— B——'s CHARACTER  
AS A GENTLEMAN.\*

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It has ever been the fate of Sir F—— B—— to have his delinquencies perpetuated by the indiscretion of his disciples.—His atrocious language and dirty trickeries might perhaps be charitably attributed rather to mental malady than malignity of heart, and be forgiven by the present, and forgotten by the future generation, were it not for the unaccountable propensity of these men to blazon and record them.—When we read, in the daily papers, a detail of his flagitious conduct, our minds receive a momentary shock, but our indignation is not unmixed with pity; we lament that in the heat of debate an English senator should be guilty of actions totally incompatible with the character of a gentleman, and utter language which could only be expected from the mouth of a traitor; but, all intelligence derived from the newspapers is received with some degree of doubt, as to its authenticity, and consequently the impression which it forms is neither strong nor permanent;—but when a man's friends, perhaps by his own immediate desire, and certainly with his

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\* This article having been omitted by mistake in our miscellaneous department we insert it here.

approbation, reprint the evidences of his guilt, for the purpose of general circulation, and call upon the nation to applaud his atrocities—when they hold up to the admiration of present and future generations, conduct which, out of 240 individuals, only one man could be found weak or wicked enough to countenance, our minds, stricken with surprise, are naturally led to that minute investigation which indelibly fixes the remembrance of facts, which the more they are examined, the more they tend to excite our hatred and disgust of the degraded object to whom they relate. We were led to these observations by an advertisement in '*the Times*,' announcing the intention of publishing at a cheap price, for the purpose of general circulation, the "*patriotic*" address to the Regent which was moved by Sir F—— B—— on the 7th of January!—

This pamphlet has since actually appeared, and is now before us, and had we not been assured that it was published with the approbation of Sir F——, we should have suspected that some of his bitterest enemies had caused it to be printed as a record of his vile principles, and of his disgrace. His speech, and that of the frantic young man who was weak enough to second his motion, are included in this *three-penny* production; but, not one sentence that was uttered in reply and in complete contradiction of the black, odious, and infamous falsehoods contained in the address, has been inserted.—This is in exact conformity with the *pure impartiality* and *universal justice* of the mob-corrupting pretenders to patriotism. We will not pollute our pages with a single extract from this record of infamy. May it be circulated as widely as its authors wish. Englishmen cannot be so degenerate as to feel any other sentiment than those of disgust and indignation at its perusal.

Our object is not to refute falsehoods which no man in his senses will believe, nor to reprobate principles which

none but \* \* \* \* \* will imbibe; we merely wish to enter into a brief examination of Sir F—— B——'s claim to the character of "a Gentleman."

That birth, fortune, and education have conferred on him this titular distinction, is admitted; but we intend merely to consider the word as applicable to *conduct*. A nice observance of all the little courtesies of life, a just idea of propriety, and a refined sense of honor, are the chief characteristics of a *gentleman*: it is these which cement the confidence that exists among the members of *gentlemanly* society, and he who violates any of them must be ever after esteemed unworthy the privileges and character of a *gentleman*. When the Serjeant at Arms, on a late memorable occasion, waited on Sir F—— B—— relative to the execution of the Speaker's warrant, he exercised that courtesy which was generally observed on similar occasions, and requested the baronet to fix a time when he might have the honor of conducting him to the Tower.—Sir F—— did fix a time for the *Serjeant* to call again, who, conceiving that no Gentleman would be guilty of a dirty quibble, in order to deceive him, took his leave; but what must have been his indignation, when, calling at the appointed hour, he found he had been duped, and that the baronet, instead of accompanying him to the Tower, had determined to resist his authority, which he could, and would have exerted when he first obtained admission to his presence, had he not relied upon the courtesy, and gentlemanly feelings, by which he *supposed* Sir F—— would be governed. Could he—or can any one, after such conduct, deem Sir F—— B—— "A perfect Gentleman?" The baronet's underhanded and clandestine escape from the Tower, and from his *raggamiuffin* friends, was another instance of dirty trickery; but, perhaps, his late contemptible



violation of an established courtesy of the House of Commons, was the lowest and dirtiest trick that ever was planned by Mr. W——d, or executed by Sir F——B——.

Reader, we shall now leave you to determine, whether this “*worthy*” baronet is in *reality*, as his friends assert, “*a perfect Gentleman!*”

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## THEATRES.

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*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumit honesti.*

THE end of the last month was somewhat enlivened by the Christmas Pantomimes. “*The White Cat*,” produced at the Lyceum, is the first entitled to notice, as well on account of its being superior in merit to the Covent Garden Pantomime, as on account of its being first performed. This pantomime is founded on a fairy tale, of a good fairy being transformed by an evil genius into a White Cat, from which situation she is relieved by an adventurous knight. The early part of the pantomime is not very pleasing. The manner in which the *evil genius* was introduced on the first night had a very bad effect, and the musical efforts of a Mr. Lee, who was silly enough to attempt to sing a something about “*Rage! inspire me,*” with a voice about ten times more discordant than the croak of a raven, excited laughter, and caused considerable disapprobation to be expressed. That scene too, in which the white cat paced the stage, imploring the knight to cut off her head, was almost

equally unsuccessful. It was felt to be too absurd, even for pantomime, while the very awkward appearance of "The White Cat," though personated by the fascinating Miss Poole, gave great offence, and made the success of the piece very doubtful. In its progress, however, it improved very much, and succeeded in completely dissipating every angry feeling. The business was highly diverting, and the tricks, which were pleasingly various, were in several instances perfectly original. The scenery and machinery were very well executed, and the effect of the whole was creditable to all parties concerned in bringing it forward. Mr. Kirby is the author of this piece; and we cannot but admit that he deserves the success he has met with. As Clown, his performance deserves great praise, and if he were to speak less, or when he does speak, speak more to the purpose, he would be little inferior to Grimaldi.

We had not ceased to laugh at the "the White Cat," before a new Comedy was announced at the Lyceum, under the title of "*Right and Wrong*." In the prologue, the author has taken upon himself to prove that originality, at the present day, ought not to be looked for. The Garden, we are told, has been so often *culled*, that but little remains to be *gleaned*; and hence the writer very naturally proceeds to show, that the difficulties which modern authors have to encounter are much greater than those which were experienced by the ancients, and that consequently, the moderns have the same labour to little purpose; which *erst* would bring dramatic authors a rich harvest of applause. All this may be very true, and we have no objection to believe that it is so. We hope it will give the author some satisfaction to know, that in this instance, we do not accuse him of telling an untruth, but at the same time we must beg

leave to express our sincere regret (as the writer of "Right and Wrong" was aware of this,) that he did not avail himself of his knowledge, and forbear to engage in so unprofitable a pursuit. We, in common with his *other friends*, are sorry that he should have so misapplied his time; and wish he had confined himself to "the last farewell to the world," and *dying speech* line, in which he might have been respectable, instead of presuming to attempt a comedy, in which, even at a period like the present, when genius is seldom expected in what is produced on the stage, he makes a singularly contemptible appearance.

From the awkward manner in which the business of this play is arranged, it seems to us probable, that when the author first took up his pen he was not quite determined what to write. Like the farrier's stupid apprentice, we suspect, he was led first to attempt forming one thing, and then another, till at last his labours, like those of the other thick-headed labourer, terminated in producing a *hiss*.

The plot, if such it may be called, is the most miserable and common-placed that can be conceived. An unprincipled libertine persecutes a female in indigent circumstances, with dishonourable offers, and wishes to marry a rich young lady whose father is willing to give him her hand, though her heart has long since been bestowed on another. The lover of the rich young lady is of course very poor, *vide Henry* in "Speed the Plough," *Young Woodville*, in "the Wheel of Fortune," *Rover*, in "Wild Oats," *Antonio*, in "the Duenna," *Charles*, in "Man and Wife," &c. &c. &c. The father is all for money, the daughter all for love. In the end the poor lover becomes rich by dispossessing the libertine of his money, which, as usual, had been unfairly acquired, and the poor persecuted female proving to be sister to this happy gentleman, is thought a very suitable



match for the swain who has attached himself to her, though previously his passion was disapproved of by his father on account of the poverty of the lady.

These being the most prominent features of the fable, we are confident that to say one word more to make it laughed at and despised, would be superfluous. Leaving this to the contempt it merits, we come now briefly to notice the manner in which it is filled up. The characters consist of a farmer and his wife, who hold the situations of Farmer Ashfield and his dame in "*Speed the Plough*." They protect a *Julia* instead of a *Henry*, and are in consequence persecuted by a *Malcour*, who is their landlord, instead of a *Sir Philip Blandford*. The farmer has a son, who is a *Stephen Harrowby*, neglecting his business for the study of literature, instead of the eighteen manœuvres and the art of war. A poor naval officer—the son of a wealthy cit, his servant, two avaricious fathers, and a fashionable young lady, make up the *Corps Dramatique*. The farmer and his son are the two characters on which the author seems to have bestowed most pains. The farmer is one of those in which we are treated with the union of the moralist and the reprobate; a well-meaning rustic, who endeavours to dignify sentiment by swearing, and to serve the cause of morality with a "*d'amme*." The son is intended to enliven the play by using the words perspiring, debilities, descend, &c. for aspiring, abilities, ascend, &c. These *good things* flow from his mouth in great abundance, and at first the audience appeared to relish them exceedingly well, but in the end they got cloyed with the treat, and seemed rather disposed to cry "hold, enough," before he had got half through his part. The consequence was, some of his speeches were hissed, and the bumpkin's literature and the author's wit (which by the bye are much upon a par) were held by the major part of the audience in precisely the same degree of estimation

The sentiments with which this play abounds are sometimes "true, though trite," but we cannot say that in every instance they inculcate the purest morality. Little danger, however, need be apprehended from this source, as, if the sentiments are not always correct, they have never sufficient point to do mischief; and are never given with such felicity of expression as to furnish any reasonable ground for alarm. It is our wish "to live in charity with all mankind," and we will not therefore indulge for a moment an idea that the author intended to write any thing that could be considered as improper. Leaning therefore to the side of mercy, we will not stigmatize him as a foe to morality, but merely set him down as a well-meaning booby, who has innocently been endeavouring to make a collection of sentiments, and occasionally put among them one or two which he thought very fine, but did not exactly understand.

This notable production went off tolerably well for the first three acts. There was certainly nothing which the major part of the audience could pretend to admire, but the sentiments to which we have alluded furnished the author's friends with a very decent pretext to clap; and, as is usual in such cases, they dragged some few "barren spectators" with them. It was not to be expected though that this state of things could continue to the end of the piece. The latter end of the fourth act gave great offence, and the tumult of disapprobation rose so high in the fifth, that the close of the play could not be heard. Mrs. Glover gained some attention and applause while reciting the epilogue, but the epilogue was not happy enough to reconcile the audience to the play. It was a thing which (without any great merit,) would have told very well after a successful performance from the pen of an established favorite; but coming after a damned piece, and from one

whose former labours could offer nothing in mitigation of judgment, it had a different effect. It attempted to be very witty on the critics. This, perhaps, was not quite original, but then the author has told us that originality was not to be expected, and certainly he might very reasonably say with *Bayes*, that it was not *his* fault, if those who lived before him had had the meanness to take advantage of such an accident, by writing what otherwise he would have been the first to produce. Be this as it may; from a laudable anxiety to take the will for the deed, we laughed at the passages alluded to as much as any body in the house, tho' we could not help feeling, that this sprightly humour, this vein of pleasantry, displaying itself (as it were) in the author, at this time, reminded us of the *social good-humoured* laugh of Mr. Cockadoodle Coates, in *Lothario*, when the scorn of the audience had wrought him up to such an agonizing pitch of ungovernable fury, that he knew not how to contain himself. It gave us, however, one piece of information, viz. that it was "the first effort of our author's muse." This, we must acknowledge, gave us some satisfaction. He has made himself ridiculous in this way but once, if the play before us be really his first. If this is "even so,"—with friendly solicitude we conjure him to attend to the suggestions given by the audience, when the line above noticed was repeated; and let it be his last.

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#### COVENT GARDEN.

Miss Smith has commenced her engagement at this theatre with very great success. As formerly, she imitates Mrs. Siddons, but happily, the imitation is so good that it does not greatly detract from the entertainment



her natural talents are competent to afford. It is only now and then that a chasm, as it were, is seen in the character she sustains—in the moments when she forgets Mrs. Siddons, and does not exert herself. Mr. Kemble repeatedly performed with her.

The new pantomime of "Harlequin and Padmanaba, or, the Golden Fish," has at last brought forward the elephant, of which so much has been said. What could induce the managers of this concern to go to the expense, which, according to common report, they have incurred on this occasion, we are at a loss to imagine. There is nothing in the appearance of the animal, that we can perceive, that could lead rational beings to imagine its exhibition could be any great treat to the inhabitants of this metropolis, who can at any time see a much finer animal at Exeter 'Change. But thus it should seem, it was brought out merely for the amusement of the Holiday folks. To them it was supposed it would be a very interesting spectacle.

## COMPARATIVE CRITICISM\*.

*Non nostrum inter vos TANTAT componere lites!*—

VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?*—

POPE.

1. The Doctrine of the Greek Article, applied to the Criticism and Illustration of the New Testament; by T. F. Middleton, A. M.†

§. “ We consider Dr. Middleton’s labours as of *great importance*, not merely in New Testament Criticism, but in the study of philology at large. We *earnestly recommend* the perusal of this volume to every scholar.”—Literary Panorama.

“ Mr. Middleton shows himself not only *an acute distinguisher*, but a *learned and well-bred* commentator; and *many* of his illustrations are such as would *do honour* to any interpreter of Scripture. We feel *much gratified* in having had this occasion to form an acquaintance with a scholar of so *much acuteness* and *profundity* as Mr. Middleton. The *judgment* of Mr. Middleton

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• Further examples of Critical Celebrity.—The Monthly Review for last November, the Critical for October, and the Eclectic, published at the beginning of December, notice, for the first time, three works, (Professional Characteristics, Gell’s Ithaca, and Duppa’s Michael Angelo) which had appeared respectively in other Reviews, the British Critic, Anti-jacobin, and Critical, *forty-two, forty-three, and forty-five months* before.

† The first two paragraphs of this article were inserted last month by mistake.

§ The recurrence of this mark §, distinguishes the classes in which the extracts are arranged, according to their particular subjects.—SATIRIST

appears to be as sound as his learning is extensive. We always find him embracing, with decision, the *reasonable* opinion, and arguing for it with *force* and *cogency* of proof. His volume at large must remain as a MONUMENT of labour and acuteness, employed upon a subject well deserving their exertion.—We cannot often expect to meet with a work of so much united labour, learning, and acuteness. In applying his principles to every part of the New Testament, the sagacious author has given a specimen of critical research, which must for ever bear testimony to his merit.”—British Critic and Preface.

“Although we may be disposed to disagree with the learned and acute author in some points of inferior importance, yet we hesitate not to assert, that this is a production of distinguished merit; and that it affords to us a most valuable, effectual, and novel aid, in the just interpretation of Greek writers, both sacred and profane.—The depth of theological learning which is displayed in the commentary, and its accurate interpretation or correction of a variety of passages of scripture, upon principles in a great degree novel as well as just, must infallibly render it a most secure and acceptable guide to future editors or translators of the New Testament. In taking leave of Dr. Middleton, we have merely to repeat the high approbation, which we have already strongly expressed, of his very elaborate production.”—Quarterly Review.

“With no less a degree of justice, than of the diffidence which usually adorns transcendent merit, Mr. Middleton advances the claims which his subject possesses to peculiar attention. This elaborate and comprehensive volume is modest in pretension; but in execution it displays extensive and well-employed erudition, an acute and discriminating judgment, and a talent of reasoning, patient, cautious, comprehensive, and conclusive. In felicity of criticism, we can deem it scarcely inferior to the immortal Dissertation of Bentley.—From this masterly piece of criticism and reasoning, our author obtains much striking evidence, &c. “Scholars must imitate Mr. Middleton’s patience in amassing materials, his judgment and skill in examining them,” &c. “Mr. Middle-



ton has presented to the lovers of *true learning*, a work demanding their *warmest gratitude*, and which they will place in the *same rank of honour and use* with the volumes of Bentley and Porson, Valckender and Ruhnkenius."—The intelligent public will not need to be instructed, that scholia, many of which are large dissertations, by a critic like Dr. Middleton, on more than seven hundred passages of the christian oracles, must be a *treasure of singular worth*.—It would be gratifying to us, though indeed quite unnecessary, to dilate on the *instruction and pleasure* which we have in general received from the perusal of these annotations."—Eclectic Review.

"——We really can scarcely tell how to consider this as any thing but *grammatical legerdemain*."—Annual Review.

"There is no profit in analysing *absurdity and error*: we shall not therefore follow our author through all the subordinate parts of his system. It is the misfortune of Dr. Middleton to be not only himself *throughout erroneous*, but to vouch for the errors of others.—This *verbose reasoning*, if it deserves the name, is as *impertinent*, as it is *vain and unmeaning*. With respect to Dr. Middleton, especially on this part of his work, we have really no other feelings than those of *pity and contempt*.—The conviction that this work will be either consigned to *oblivion*, or preserved *only as a monument of perverted taste, senseless learning, and fruitless industry*," &c.—Critical Review.

§. "Of learning and industry, indeed, Dr. Middleton possesses a considerable share; and we *wish* that we could add that his exertion of them had been more *successful*."—Monthly Review.

"We do *not* deem Mr. Middleton to have been *very successful* in his disquisitions."—Annual Review (Introduction.)

"——This has been undertaken by Mr. Middleton; and executed, in our opinion, with the *happiest success*."—British Critic.

§. "Upon sacred literature Mr. Middleton has been able to throw *various and important lights*."—British Critic.

"This work exhibits *throughout, obscurity and prolixity in style*," &c.—"Here Dr. Middleton has exceeded, in *absurdity and confusion of ideas*, every other part of this *absurd and confused volume*."—Critical Review.

"To Mr. Middleton the merit belongs, of having brought *order* and consistency out of this confusion. It was for Mr. Middleton to bring *order, light, and harmony* out of the chaos."—Eclectic Review.

§. "—Nor have we seen, for a long time, any work of grammatical criticism, in which so much light is thrown upon so great a variety of subjects, by the regular application of one *sound principle*.—The *hypothesis* of Mr. Middleton to us appears to be altogether true."—British Critic.

"These observations may serve to show the *great importance* of Dr. Middleton's *theory* of the article."—Quarterly Review.

"We have now completed our view of the leading *principles* of Mr. Middleton's system; but for the fuller elucidation of these principles, for the admirable strain of reasoning on their common *basis*, we must refer to the work itself."—Eclectic Review.

"Dr. Middleton's work displays ingenuity and learning, but these qualities have been vainly employed in supporting a *baseless theory*."—The *theory* he labours to establish appears to us *unsupportable, contradictory, and even absurd*."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"We must acknowledge that we have been *perplexed beyond measure* by the author's *hypothesis*. We hope we have finally gained a knowledge of what the author really means; and if we have, we have no hesitation in stating that his fundamental *principle* is *obscure, ill-founded, and inadequate*.—We have dwelt the longer upon this point, because we are satisfied that Mr. Middleton's *misconceptions* respecting it have laid the foundation for his *theory*.—If Mr. Middleton had instituted the previous inquiry," &c. he would not have been led to a *hypothesis* which *fritters away*, in reality, the *whole force* of the article," &c. "Leaving out of view the *obscurity* of the author's *theory*, we affirm that it is founded upon a *misunderstanding*," &c.—Annual Review.

§. "The *great impartiality* with which the commentary is usually executed," &c.—Quarterly Review.

"Mr. Middleton urges this arduous inquiry with *distinguished impartiality*."—Eclectic Review.

"We should feel less apprehension as to a, perhaps unnoticed, *bias* of the author's mind *towards* such canons as *countenance* his theological *prepossessions*, if we could bring ourselves to believe," &c.—Annual Review.

"Dr. Middleton has brought to the task a *mind perplexed* and *enfeebled* by a religious *system*. The work seems the unnatural offspring of a *preconceived* theology, united with learning; which therefore exhibits throughout the opposite characters of both its parents, judgment *biassed* by *passion*," &c. "Dr. Middleton may be an excellent classical scholar, but the *prejudices* of education operating," &c.—"The want of this philosophical knowledge has left the author's mind to the arbitrary guidance of certain *prejudices*," &c.—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"Mr. Middleton appears to bring to the research a *clear* and distinguishing *mind*, a calm and *dispassionate* reason, which are always ready for use whenever their exertion is required."—British Critic.

§. "A *partial* and *bigotted* writer, assuming the name of Gregory Blunt, undertook to refute Mr. Sharp's criticism" [on the Greek article] "in 'Six more Letters' addressed to him; and if *effrontery*, *profaneness*, and *ignorance*, were the proper instruments to be employed, it must be owned that the said Blunt had a chance of succeeding. We shall select two or three samples of the castigation bestowed by Dr. Middleton's solid learning and dignified temper, on the *insolent pretensions* of this *flippant* Socinian."—Eclectic Review.

"We shall content ourselves with one specimen in which the author returns of necessity to the consideration of Mr. Sharp's rule, and gives a *well-merited* chastisement to the *ignorant* and *presumptuous* author of 'Six more Letters,' taking the assumed names of Gregory Blunt."—British Critic.

"The temper of Dr. Middleton's mind may be seen in the manner in which he speaks of Mr. Sharp's anonymous but *powerful* opponent," [Gregory Blunt]. "This unknown author has throughout his publication shown *great humour*, *learning*, and *talents*; and Dr. Middleton must have had a *high sense* of his



own importance and superiority, to *justify* the above *incere*monious treatment of so distinguished a writer."—Critical Review.

2. The Doctrine of Interest and Annuities analytically investigated and explained; by Francis Bailey, of the Stock Exchange.

"On the subject set forth in the title-page, the present is perhaps as *complete* a treatise as any that we possess. In *arranging* and *stating* his *matter*, the author has laboured with *very considerable success*."—Monthly Review.

"We certainly think this work, on the whole, a *respectable* performance: it indicates a *mathematical taste* formed on *very good models*, and a *considerable proficiency* in the several kinds of *mathematical knowledge* connected with the subject. The *information* afforded will be found *very valuable*; and it is usually exhibited with *great neatness* and *perspicuity*."—Eclectic Review\*.

"The mercantile world may consider themselves under *peculiar obligations* to Mr. Bailey for this *very able* compilation."—Critical Review.

"This is a work of *great labour* and *considerable ingenuity*. Merchants, bankers, and all dealers in the funds or annuities, will find this work a *most useful* book of reference"—Antijabobin Review,

"As our account of this book is late†, we beg leave to state to our readers a few things which have conspired to make it so. "First, &c. "Secondly, the work before us did *not* appear to be such as would prove *very creditable* to the author, or *very*

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\* The Eclectic Review, just in its *old way*, finds occasion, in reviewing this *mathematical* treatise, to introduce three whole pages of rigmale about *poetry*, *imagination*, *Baron Biersfeld*, *Shakspeare*, *Hogarth*, *metaphor*, "*Hall*, one of the most eloquent writers of the present age," *Buonaparte*, *Egypt*, *Gray*, *Cowper*, *Milton*, *Waller*, *Hudibras*, *Collins*; and ends, as usual on every subject, with a quotation from *scripture*, which it makes appear ridiculous by being lugged in by the head and shoulders.—SATIRIST.

† Three years and two months after the Critical Review had noticed it.—SATIRIST.

*useful* to the public.—What, it may be asked, was Mr. Bailey's design? Obviously, to *make a book*; a book of which we have the *unpleasant* task to make a report\*.—His style, which is verbose†, is *often inaccurate*, and sometimes *obscure*. *Confusion of terms* tends to confusion of ideas; and whether this fault in the work now before us arose from," &c. "The *parts* of this work also *should*, according to the rules of method, have been *disposed somewhat differently* from what they are†. Nor is the *mathematical skill* which we find in this work *such* as the author's pompous display of great reading might have led us to expect."—British Critic.

### 3. Professional Characteristics.

"Though the author's 'miseries' are preserved technically in character, we have *no doubt* that they will afford *amusement* to the general reader."—Beau Monde.

"These Characteristics are displayed in a dialogue," &c. "The conversation is enlivened by appropriate sallies of *humour*, and *no small portion* of *wit*; and the *whole* forms a *very pleasant amusement* for a leisure hour."—Antijacobin Review.

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\* Here is a pretty antithesis (or what other figure of rhetoric or wit is it?) between *making a book* and *making a report*.—SATIRIST.

† Some of the British Critic's most prominent points of abuse of this book, do not seem to have any *very great* or appropriate force against the intrinsic merits of a mathematical treatise. Such are the objections, that the writer "does not possess the requisite qualifications of a good author," that he has in various parts "expressed himself in an arrogant tone," that "his skill in logic does not seem to be much better than his knowledge of language," and that "*allude* is a word of very frequent occurrence in this work." Admirable *mathematician*! The choicest complaint however is, "the affected use which Mr. Baily has made use of the Greek letters, which were not at all necessary on the occasion, the Italic letters of the alphabet being in number more than sufficient." The critic thus understands the *Italic letters* to be *fewer*, however, than the *Greek*!—SATIRIST.

† "They should have been disposed differently from *what they are*" This is exquisitely elegant and correct. "What" must be an *adverb*, to make either sense or grammar of it.—SATIRIST.

"Whoever is not tired of Mr. Beresford's 'miseries,' may be pleased with these additional attempts. The style is *exactly imitated*, even to the punning quotations."—British Critic.

"This is rather an *awkward imitation* of the Miseries of Human Life. Any very idle ten minutes *may be* amused by a *lucky* peep into this volume, but there are *many chances against* the good fortune of the reader."—Monthly Review.

4. An Essay on Government, by Philopatria [Mrs. Lee].

"This publication is not usually of *approbation*. Its author's views are *liberal, virtuous, and philanthropic*."—Annual Review.

"In this work the author has established a character for *great good sense*; and has evinced a *knowledge of the world, and of the organization of society*," &c. "The style of the volume is *correct and elegant*, and we confess ourselves to have been both *gratified and instructed* by its contents."—Monthly Magazine (Supplement.)

"We have perused the present performance with *considerable satisfaction*. Throughout the forty-two chapters of which the work consists, the author displays a *vigorous understanding*. As a moral and political disputant, she has shown herself an *able*, though not always a judicious or successful, champion; and her work displays *no small acquaintance* with the *laws and constitution* of England. We ought not to conclude without *recommending* to *attentive perusal* a work which exhibits no common acquirements," &c.—Critical Review.

"Mrs. Lee's *subject* will *not excite* much attention from her own sex, *nor her manner of discussing it* from ours."—Eclectic Review.

"It would require a larger share of gallantry than critics in general possess, to find a subject of encomium in Mrs. Lee's publication; and we must honestly confess that a more *crude, commonplace* production, has seldom fallen into our hands. Though the fair author displays a portion of erudition which is considerably beyond the ordinary lot of her sex, she is *singularly unfortunate* in her attempts to mould her materials into an *useful* shape. In the beginning of her paragraphs, the reader is led to flatter himself with the acquisition of some new ideas; but as he advances, he is either



*wearied* with the repetition of what he knew before, or perplexed with attempts to explain notions which, it is no excess of ill-nature to suspect, are unintelligible to the fair writer herself. All the topics are discussed in a manner which would fatigue the most patient reader, and is such as must deprive the author of any claim to praise, except that of integrity of intention."—Monthly Review.

#### 5. The Surgeon's Vade-mecum.

"The present abridgement is designed as a companion to Dr. Hooper's Anatomist's and Physician's Vade-mecum; and we doubt not will be found equally convenient and useful. It is but just to say, that much practical information is condensed into a small compass; and that this Vade-mecum of surgery is the cheapest and MOST USEFUL abridgement which has yet appeared."—Anti-jacobin Review.

"Did we approve of the numerous class of books which are published as compendiums of the various branches of the healing science, we should still be under the necessity of stating our opinion, that 'the Surgeon's Vade-mecum' is the *weakest* and LEAST USEFUL of any which have hitherto been ushered into public notice in that form. Although this book may profess to point out a royal road to the science of surgery, yet it is one which will be found too *obscure* to be ventured upon with safety. The information it contains, even where it is correct, is too *superficial* to be useful; and that it is *frequently incorrect*, will be made sufficiently evident by a reference to many parts of the work.—Surely nothing can be more *absurd* or *useless* than these, and many similar directions which we meet with in looking over the book. The purchaser, whether he expects to receive instruction, or be desirous to assist a weak memory, will be equally *disappointed*, and find reason to regret having thrown away six shillings to so little purpose."—British Critic.

#### 6. Scriptural Illustrations of the Thirty-nine Article of the Church of England; by Samuel Wix, A. M.

"—These are the two leading features of the *plan* which Mr. Wix has so *happily* adopted for the explanation of the thirty-nine

articles. It is not within the scope of our limits, nor indeed of our talents, to follow him through his *just* and *accurate* observations upon the subordinate parts."—European Magazine.

"The *tendency* of this work is so *truly christian*, and the modesty of the author so striking, as to disarm criticism. There is indeed *no room* for *severity*, were we inclined to be severe, and *far less* for *censure*;\* for Mr. Wix has certainly *accomplished all* that was in his intention. The *plan* on which his book is composed, is *simple* and *natural*. He has *clearly shown* that our *Articles agree* with the *scriptures*.—If these hints be duly attended to, Mr. Wix's book will be made one of the *most generally useful* works that have for many years attracted our attention, and *with great propriety* may be *put into the hands* of such of the common people as are in danger of being *led astray* by those false teachers," &c.—British Critic.

"Mr. Wix has undertaken the formidable, and we will venture to pronounce, the *impracticable* task, of *proving* by *scripture* authority the *truth* of each of the thirty-nine *Articles* of the church of England. The *gross misapplication*, and the *perversion* from their plain and obvious meaning, of *numberless* passages, render this a work of *no authority*, and to the unwary and indolent reader, of *dangerous* consultation.—We could show that *by far* the *larger number* of passages" [adduced from scripture by Mr. Wix] "*have not even the appearance of connection* with the doctrine of the article under which they are placed. The *principle* upon which the work is constructed, is *altogether wrong*."—Annual Review, and the Introduction.

#### 7. Literary Recreations; by Henry Card, A. M.

"The modest title of 'Literary Recreations,' which Mr. Card has given to his present performance, might be more properly exchanged for the graver one of 'Dissertations, moral, historical, and religious;' as they exhibit proofs of *deeper research*, and *more extended inquiry*, than the former title seems to imply: the

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\* "There is *no room* for *severity*, and *FAR LESS* for *censure*." Well said, British Critic!—SATIRIST.

essay on the growth of Methodism, in particular, being *very important* and *elaborate*, of which we shall convince our readers by a considerable quotation\*. *Many* of the other essays in this volume possess *distinguished merit*. That on "some particular injunctions," &c. "deserves *peculiar commendation*; but the essay above alluded to is of such *predominant excellence*, as well in point of *sound argument*," &c.—British Critic.

"The dedication to this *flimsy* book is dated from Margate; and the subsequent contents are just of that *weak* and *vapid* quality that a literary *lounger* at a watering-place might be ex-

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\* From that quotation we cannot forbear transcribing a note concerning a personage who has, on several occasions, deservedly figured in our pages; and which displays an admirable specimen of methodistical preaching, in a model propounded by one of the most eminent of the new saints and apostles—"In a printed sermon," says Mr. Card, "of Mr. Adam Clark's," [now *bedoctored*, as stated in a former Number of the Satirist], "a man of great authority, we believe, among the methodists, and certainly deemed by them of great talents, the following expressions, we suppose, are designed at once to terrify, and subdue into an implicit obedience, those whose vices, or we should rather say frailties, have been considered by the preacher to affect the character of the society. [The subject is from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xvi.] 'A damned spirit.—A devil damned in the abyss of perdition, in the burning pool which spouts cataracts of fire!—Sinners may lose their time in disputing against the reality of hell-fire, till awakened to a sense of their folly, by finding themselves plunged into what God calls the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.—Many are desirous of seeing an inhabitant of the other world, or they wish to converse with one, to know what passes there; curiosity and infidelity are as insatiable as they are unreasonable. Here, however, God steps out of the common way to indulge them. You wish to see a disembodied spirit! Make way! Here is a damned soul, which Christ has waked from the hell of fire! Hear him! Hear him tell of his torments! Hear him utter his anguish! Listen to the sighs and groans, which are wrung from his soul by the torture he endures! Hear him asking for a drop of water, to cool his burning tongue! Telling you, that he is tormented in that flame, and warning you to repent, that you may come not into that place of torture! How solemn is this warning! How awful this voice!—Hear the groans of this damned soul, and be alarmed!'—SATIRIST.



pected to compose, when overtaken by the *yawning fit*."—Eclectic Review.

8. Effects of the Continental Blockade upon the Commerce, Finances, Credit, and Prosperity of the British Islands; by Sir Francis D'Ivernois.

"This work evinces *no small degree of sagacity* and research: and, in a *very able* and *satisfactory* manner, refutes many of the conclusions of the anti-commercialists."—Critical Review (Appendix.

"It was with the *highest expectation* that we took up this essay, by so *distinguished* an author, on a subject peculiarly worthy of his pen: *nor* have our *hopes* been *in the least disappointed*; as it would not be easy, in the whole circle of political tracts, to point out one in which a complicated subject is treated in a more *masterly* manner, of which the object is more important, and its *tendency* more *beneficial*, than that\* of the work before us. The following suggestion concludes this *able* and *excellent* work.—*Many* and *useful* have been the *works* of the *able* and public-spirited *writer* before us: but we do not recollect one so *interesting* to the people of this country, and in its *tendency* so *beneficial* to the nations of the European continent, as that which we have now endeavoured to delineate."—British Critic.

"Sir Francis D'Ivernois is the *unfortunate author* of various pamphlets which have had for their object to prove the incurable ruin of France, from the undeniable ruin of her finances. Unintimidated by the failure of former predictions, he now comes forward to prove that the resources of England are uninjured, and her vital strength unimpaired, by all the measures which Napoleon has taken for the destruction of her commerce. We confess that our *fears* of the success of our enemy in this his favorite plan, are *not in the least abated* by the statements and reasonings of Sir Francis. Indeed it rather *increases* our *dismay*, that a gen-

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\* "*Its*," and "*that*;" for *the*, and *those*. This is wretched grammar, British Critic!—SATIRIST.

deman, whose auguries have been constantly and most uncourtously contradicted by subsequent events, should have again ascended his tripod; the prophet of success to us, of discomfiture to the enemy."—*Eclectic Review*.

9. Two Discourses on the Origin of Evil; by T. Drummond.

"This publication has long escaped our notice\*; and had it *escaped us for ever, neither we nor the public†* would have suffered *any loss*. The author appears *very ill qualified* to throw any light upon 'the origin of evil;' a question which has perplexed the most profound philosophers and most learned divines that ever lived."—*British Critic*.

"The preacher is rather *diffuse and declamatory*, and has embarrassed his reasoning by a *loose and rambling* style.—*Monthly Review*.

"The *sensible* author of these *well-written* discourses *does not profess* to throw any new light on this obscure subject, nor to unravel any part of the intricate web in which it has been involved by metaphysicians and divines. His *only design* is, to illustrate those conclusions on the subject, which the scripture authorises us to make. This he *has done*," &c.—*Critical Review*.

10. The West Indies, and other Poems; by James Montgomery.

"Fired by his subject, Mr. Montgomery's numbers are *animated and nervous*: his pictures are *well conceived*; and his execution of them, while it manifests the strength of his own feelings, must *awaken the strongest emotions* in his readers.—Having *beautifully* displayed that strong passion, the love of country and of home, the poet transports us to Africa, and *harrows up our souls* by a description of the poor negroes," &c.—

\* The *Critical Review* noticed it two years and a quarter earlier.—*SATIRIST*.

† "We nor the public:" this is exactly Wolsky's "*Ego et rex meus*."—*SATIRIST*.

"The sentiments by which Mr. Montgomery's muse is uniformly animated, and the flowing of his numbers, will leave an *impression favourable* at once to his *genius* and his heart.——— Seventeen *smaller compositions* are subjoined, in *all* of which the author's *poetic genius* is *conspicuous*."—Monthly Review.

"The West Indies is a *classical* and *highly-finished* composition, *full* of *poetical images*, and *successful* appeals to the best *feelings* of human nature; *nor* is it *easy* to say what could be *desired* to make it *more complete*.—When we give passages from a poem of so much *excellence*," &c.———"The remainder of the volume is filled by *lyrical pieces*; *none* of which are *indifferent*, and *some* are *admirable*.—Mr. Montgomery appears, in a word, a *distinguished poet*."—British Critic.

"—The *lesser pieces*, which form two-thirds of the volume, have *considerable merit*. There is in these poems one negative merit, besides many positive beauties; the *ABSENCE OF* that *AFFECTATION* which disfigures so many of our modern poetical effusions. Mr. Montgomery's muse is *UNIFORMLY SIMPLE, chaste, and pious*."—Antijacobin Review.

"The first peculiarity which strikes us in the compositions of Mr. Montgomery, is a *perpetual obtrusive* and *painful effort* to be *grand*, which *almost always* degenerates into *tawdry* and *bombast*; our expectations are roused, and our *feelings stretched* to their full tension, to witness what turns out to be a mere *abortive exertion*. We shall give one instance of Mr. Montgomery's *descent* from his excessive and *painfully supported* elevation, into *meanness*.—We shall give a few instances of this *very false taste*.—It is something *more than tautology*, it is a mere *bull*, to say," &c. "But the *most glaring* instance of *injudicious metaphor* is in page," &c. "Another *artifice* by which he aims at *grandeur* is the frequent use of *sounding epithets*, which make a good *rumbling noise*, though it must be confessed that they are a *miserable imitation* of sublimity. The next fault which we shall mention is his *constant endeavour* to display *extraordinary sensibility*; which, though it has occasioned a few bursts of genuine pathos, more frequently *evaporates* into *tame* and *sickly whining*. His tautology is mere monotony, or some-



thing worse: his repetitions gradually decline into *all the drivelling insipidity* of anticlimax. The principal poem of this volume is destitute of plan, is by no means free from Mr. Montgomery's former *fopperies* of sentiment and expression, and though it contains many passages of *painfully elaborated* splendour, yet it bears evident marks of *slovenliness* and *haste*. Of the *fopperies* and **AFFECTATIONS** which *disgrace* Mr. Montgomery's style, we have given *abundant* specimens.——The poem from which these extracts have been made, fills nearly half the volume: the other half consists of a great number of *little pieces* which sometimes please us with their easy flow, but oftener *disgust* us with their *nauseous affectation*. If Mr. Montgomery aims at giving *unmixed* pleasure, he must purge himself of a *vast number of mincing fooleries* and *coxcombries*," &c.—Critical Review.





Reading the Letter, or the Broad-bottomites





Nonsuited.

Feb'y. 1812